

OVR CONTINENT

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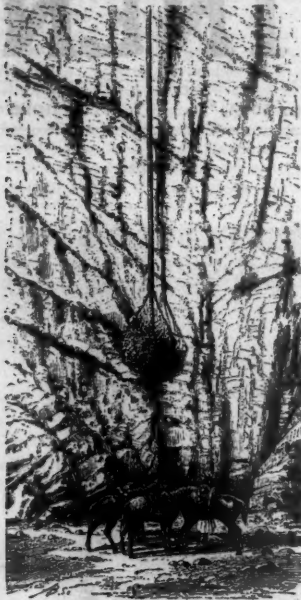
THE PARENT MONASTERY.

CONVENTS IN THE AIR.

In Albania, near Tricala, are situated the far-famed Meteor Monasteries. Their name may be interpreted as describing their position high in the air, or as expressing the elevated and religious ideas of their ascetic occupants. A manuscript dating from the early part of the sixteenth century relates that in 1356 two monks of Mount Athos, Athanasios and Gregorios, left their convents, which had been pillaged by corsairs, and journeyed to Doupiani, attracted thither by the report of the charms of the Meteor rocks and of the virtuous life of their brethren of Stagi. This portion of the country is mountainous, abounding in ridges of high hills, varying from 2500 to 8500 feet above the sea. The outline of these hills is jagged and irregular; cliffs high and precipitous are seen on every side. Sometimes the rocks ascend like perpendicular columns into the air; then again they broaden out at base and summit, while the sides and contour all about are rugged and indented. At times they sink to the depth of hundreds of feet, then again they slope out and away in almost equal proportion, presenting perhaps the odd-

est, most irregularly-fashioned monuments of nature in the world.

Upon one of these high rocks—Stylos, the column—the two monks settled, but Gregorios suffered so much from the extreme cold of this high altitude that he soon withdrew to Constantinople. Athanasios, a man of indomitable will and iron constitution, obtained permission of the Bishop of Stagi to ascend the "large rock." On its summit he discovered an extended plateau admirably suited for his purpose, where he might devote himself to prayer and the contemplation of God, far removed from the haunts of men, and safe especially from the incursions of the bands of brigands, who contended among themselves for the possession of the country and preyed upon the inhabitants. Here he founded a little church, which afterward became the Meteor. He was soon joined by another monk of Mount Athos, Joasaph Paléologue, whose wealthy sister sent them goats and buffaloes and furnished them with means to enlarge the church. But although Athanasios owed the beginning of his prosperity to a woman, he was an ardent misogy-



ASCENSION IN A BASKET.

nist. In his will not only does he repeat the decree that women should not be allowed to pass the prescribed limits, but he orders the monks never to give food to a woman, even if she be dying of starvation. A mural painting of 1484 represents him clad in a long white robe, tied at the waist by a cord passed through an iron ring, and a brown mantle. He was an enthusiast and a prophet, and several of his predictions are quoted, which, it is claimed, were fulfilled several years after their utterance.

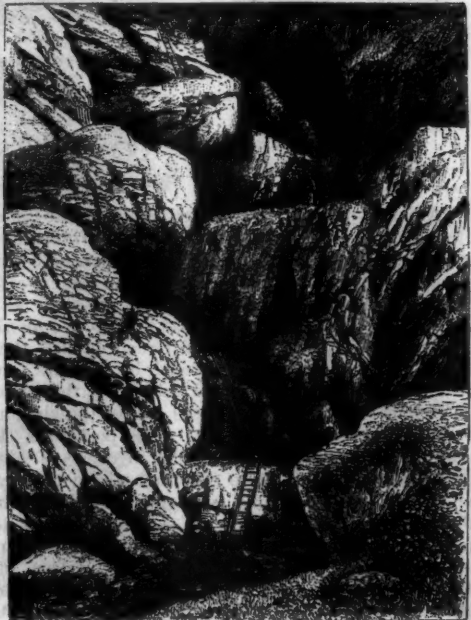
The isolated and almost inaccessible position of the monasteries did not entirely secure them from attempts at pillage. As they became more wealthy the cupidity of the armed marauders that ravaged the country was excited, and we read of the pious brethren of St. Varlaam turning out to defend their cavern by showering down stones from the height of their "large rock." Nor was their warfare always against outsiders. As time went on rivalries and animosities sprang up among themselves. For instance, the fathers of one of the monasteries having with great labor made themselves a small garden in the woods, the monks of the "large rock" issued forth in a body and destroyed it with axes.

There is no doubt that at first these Greek convents, or "Meteor," fulfilled the object of their foundation, and there is as little doubt that they afterward degenerated. Established in the beginning to promote piety, and as asylums for men who, despising the vanities of the world, wished by retirement to gain more intimate communion with God, the Meteors in time became the refuge of the lazy and the discontented, homes for those who were at variance with the higher ecclesiastical authorities, and resorts for those who, having lost favor at court, found these convents excellent retreats until new pledges of friendship warranted their return to the pleasant scenes they had quitted with regret only for the sake of peace and safety. The secrecy of the home of the Meteor monk has become a tradition, and even to this day he guards himself from intrusion with almost as

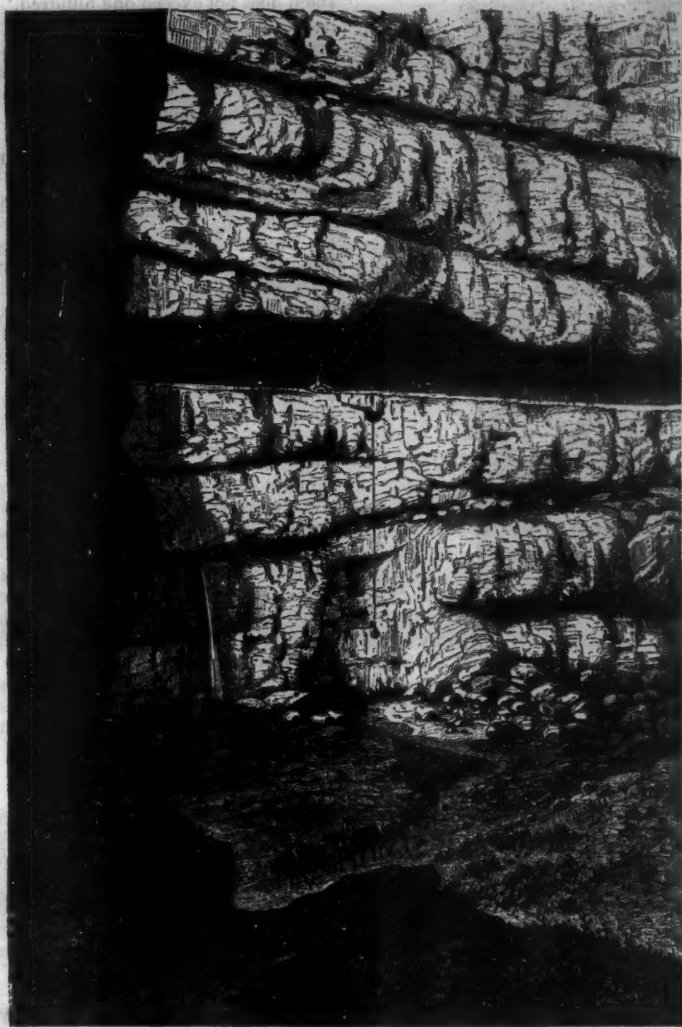
much care as if every stranger were an invader or a robber.

One of our most interesting and delightful reminiscences of travel among the curious peoples of the world is that of a visit made some years ago to one of these Meteor Monasteries. Leaving Tricala, which is a good-sized town, our strong, fleet horses brought us in a few hours to the foot of the Meteor Rocks, which have been described. In order to secure entrance to one of these convents, letters of introduction are a necessity. Even with these, one is not always certain of admittance, nor is he so sure of scaling the rocky height immediately on his arrival. A good deal of formality is required, or rather certain inflexible rules must be obeyed, and the discipline of the monkish routine pervading the home on high is transmitted even to the plain below. The sound of a horn or a shrill blast from a trumpet warns the monks of the approach of strangers and of the desire to hold communication with them. The first intimation that your signal has been heard and that life from above responds to life below is the sudden swinging of a basket from the dizzy eminence. In this basket, which is let down from the plateau above by means of a strong rope and pulley, is seated a monk. Arriving on *terra firma*, he inquires your business and takes your letters, informing you that he must ascend to his Superior, lay your petition before him, and if everything then be satisfactory that he will return to convey you.

Fortunately, our letters were all right, and after waiting about twenty-five minutes, we saw the basket lowered from above, and soon, in company with our guide, were on our way to the presence of the Superior. The sensation of being poised in mid-air, the swinging motion of ascent and the jerking inward from the air, which indicates the arrival at the top of the rock, with the prospect of like experiences in going down, are anything but agreeable; and nothing but the interest that had been



ENTRANCE TO THE CONVENT OF ST. VARLAAM.



CONVENT NEAR ALTUNTACH, IN THE MOURAD-DAGH.

aroused in us to visit one of these singular abodes could have induced our repeating the adventure. But the visit repaid the anxiety and the inconvenience. We were ushered into the presence of a most venerable old man. A face beaming with dignity, a countenance on whose features was written strong religious faith, and withal the manly bearing, the calm composure surrounding the man like a halo, put us immediately at our ease. Entertaining us for awhile, and after the manner of the country extending to us the usual coffee and the cigarettes, which he rolled for us, he gave orders to have us conducted over the monastery. Evidences of poverty were on every side, and though the establishment in all its details was clean, yet signs of ruin and decay disfigured what at one time must have been a place of beauty. The chapel was scant of ornament; a few frescoes, blurred and badly disfigured, told of an art

that might have been but was now no longer flourishing. After depositing our little offering and renewing our acknowledgments to the worthy head of the monastery, we returned by the swinging basket to our guides below.

The Convent of St. Stephen, near the parent monastery, has also had a good deal of renown, and as well as St. Varlaam, or Barlaam, is ordinarily communicated with by a basket and cord. They both, in addition, can be reached by clambering over steep rocks by the aid of ladders, but the monks reserve these for their own use. St. Stephen is connected by a narrow bridge with a neighboring plateau more easy of ascent, but the monks jealously guard this means of access, and have arranged the bridge so as to withdraw it at pleasure, and thus at will shut themselves off entirely from the world.

Our first and only visit to a Meteor was to the



ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY NEAR OLOUBOURLOU.

parent monastery near Tricala. On our way back to the town we meditated over the ruin of the once-famous convents of the Meteors. A few years after their foundation there were twenty-seven of them, accommodating about two thousand monks. To-day

only seven remain and the number of inmates in all of them does not exceed one hundred. Their usefulness is gone. We concluded they had served their day and possibly outlived the purpose of their foundation. Like the men of a world which they sought to fly, even immured as they were far from strife, the monks contended among themselves.

Ambition, like a vulture, gnawed out their life and at the same time destroyed what little good they might have done. In convents, as out of them, men are men, with the same passions, the same ambitions, the same thirsting for pelf, power and place, and not even the Meteors, with all their altitude, could save their inmates from being in many ways "of the earth earthy."

In Asia Minor there are some other Greek convents which may come under this same name of Meteor from their elevated and inaccessible position, as for instance the monastery on an island in the middle of a lake near Arkut-Khan, the isolated convent near Oloubourlou, which is reached only by a picturesque staircase carved out of the solid rock, and that in the Salt Lake, approached with equal difficulty, which is now abandoned. Near Altuntach some poor monks have taken refuge in a depression in the face of a rock caused by the shelving out of some of its enormous strata, where again the traditional basket and cord are used to reach their terrace, elevated eighty or a hundred feet in the air. Although interesting and picturesque, none of the convents of Asiatic Turkey have ever had much celebrity nor do they show any vestige of former splendor. In most of them life is reduced to its simplest form, and the poor anchorites who have thus retired so far from the world seem only to have thought of passing their existence as peacefully as possible, with little taste for study and no pastime save perhaps a little gardening.



MONASTERY NEAR ARKUT-KHAN (ASIA MINOR).



ABANDONED CONVENT IN THE SALT LAKE (ASIA MINOR).

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

NUMBER VIII.

"How the wind does blow!" said Jill as she laid aside Aunt Melville's latest and Jack laid another log into the open stove. "It is a genuine 'gale from the northeast.'"

"So it is, and that reminds me," Jack exclaimed, jumping up, "that a driving rain from the northeast always gets the better of the attic window over the guest-room. There's something mysterious about that window," he explained. "It opens like a door; I believe they call it a 'casement' window, and in such a storm as this I have to keep sopping up the water that blows in. I had a carpenter look at it, but he said it couldn't be fixed without making a new one or fastening it up so it couldn't be opened at all. We don't have a northeast rain-storm very often, and that's the only window that ever leaks—except the skylight and the round one in the west gable which is hung at the top to swing inward and couldn't be expected to hold water."

Jill found some towels, and they hurried to the attic to "sop up" the rain that was driving under the sash and had already made its mark on the ceiling below. Then they examined the skylight and the round window, and just as they were about to descend perceived a smell of burning wood. Jack rushed down to the sitting-room, telling Jill to fly for a pail of water, found the wall beside the stove-pipe very hot, ran for an axe, and, smashing a hole through the lath and plastering, discovered a bit of wood furring to which the laths had

been nailed resting directly against the sheet iron pipe. Catching the pail of water which Jill was about to pour into the stove, he cooled the hot pipe and extinguished the wood about to burst into flame, the smoke of which, rising beside the chimney to the attic, had warned them of the danger below. He then cut away around the pipe till the solid brick chimney was exposed, gathered up the rubbish, piling the chips upon the fire in the stove, and lay back in his chair, evidently enjoying the situation.

"How can you be so reckless, Jack, as to keep a fire in such a chimney?"

"The chimneys are all right, my dear. I took special pains with them when the house was built. The only danger there ever was lay in that little piece of inch board that happened to be too near the pipe."

"And how are we to know what other little pieces of board may be too near? I think it's a very dangerous house to live in. If we hadn't gone up to the attic when we did it would have been all in flames."

"And we shouldn't have gone to the attic at all if my windows had been proof against the east wind."

"No, nor would you have known we were having a gale from the northeast if I hadn't quoted the 'Wreck of the Hesperus.'"

"Consequently we owe our preservation to the well-beloved poet."

"Moral: Study the poets."



A BRIGHT INTERIOR.

"Moral number two: Build leaky casements."

"Number three: When the wood around a chimney takes fire it doesn't prove a 'defective flue.'"

"Number four: A small fault hidden is more dangerous than a large one in sight."

"Very true; and if modern builders had kept to the poet's standard and like those in the elder days of art,

'wrought with greatest care,
'Each minute and hidden part,'

we should not be trembling before a black and ragged chasm in the wall, afraid to go to bed lest the fire should break out anew and burn us in our sleep."

"There's not the least danger. We are as safe as a barrel of gunpowder in a mill pond. There is nothing to set us on fire. That bit of dry wood was the key to the whole situation. We have captured that and can make our own terms. Still, if you feel nervous we will sit up and 'talk house' till the fire goes out."

Jill acceded to this proposal and began to discourse, taking moral number four for a text.

"I wish it was possible," said she, "to build a house with everything in plain sight, the chimneys, the hot-air pipes from the furnace, if there are any, the steam pipes, the ventilators, the gas pipes, the water pipes, the speaking tubes, the cranks and wires for the bells—whatever really belongs to the building. They might all be decorated if that would make them more interesting, but even if they were quite unadorned they ought not to be ugly. If we could see them we shouldn't feel that we are surrounded by hidden mysteries liable at any time to explode or break loose upon us unawares. Those things that get out of order easily ought surely to be accessible. I don't believe there would have been half the trouble with plumbing, either in the way of danger to health or from dishonest and ignorant work, if it had not been the custom to keep it as much as possible out of sight. There is a great satisfaction too in knowing that everything is genuine."

"We might build a log house. The logs are solid, and the chimney, if there happens to be one, won't pre-

tend to be of the same material as the walls of the building."

"I like better the notion of letting the material of which brick walls and partitions are composed form the actual finish inside as well as outside. The floors, too, should be bare, and the beams that support them ought to be visible, and in case of a wooden house, the posts, braces and other timbers should be left in sight when the building is finished. It is a sad pity that modern modes of building, like modern manners and fashions, conceal actual construction and character, making a mask that may hide great excellence or absolute worthlessness."

"Won't all these pipes, wooden beams, bell ropes and things be fearfully dusty and cumber the housekeeper with too much serving? I supposed you would vote for smooth, flat, hard wood and painted walls, they are so much easier to keep clean."

"Perhaps I shall, but we must remember the gnat and the camel and try to be consistent. A single portière, especially if it be of the rag-carpet style, has a greater dust-collecting capacity than a whole houseful of wooden floors, ceilings and wainscots, even when they are moulded and ornamentally wrought. Surely they will not be troublesome if they are plain and simple, and only think how much more interesting than flat square walls and ceilings, which we feel compelled to cover

with some sort of decoration to make them endurable. I suppose architects



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THE HAT MAKES THE MAN.

have outgrown the sheet iron and stucco style of building, and do not generally approve of 'graining' honest pine in imitation of coarse-grained chestnut. But these are not the only concealments and disguises that ought to be reformed. If we cannot make our house a model in any other respect I hope it will be free from hypocrisy and silly affectations."



WITH A MULLION AND WITHOUT.

"By all means; but you mustn't forget that reformers risk martyrdom. However, you can't be too honest for me; I am ready to sign any pledge you offer, even though it prohibit paint, putty and all other cloaks for poverty, ignorance and dishonesty."

"There's a time and place for paint and putty, lath, plaster and paper, but we ought not to be helplessly dependent upon them."

"Have you any idea how the house will look outside," asked Jack, giving the fire a poke, "or is that to be left to take care of itself?"

"No, indeed! not left to take care of itself. In that part of the undertaking we are bound to believe that the architect is wiser than we, and must accept in all humility what he decrees. Still I think the law of domestic architecture at least should be 'from within out.' For the sake of the external appearance it ought not to be necessary to make the rooms higher or lower than we want them for use, neither larger nor more irregular in shape. It ought not to be necessary to build crooked chimneys for the sake of a dignified standing on the roof, or to make a pretense of a window where none is needed. The windows are for you and me to look out from and to let in the sunlight, not for the benefit of outside observers, and should be treated accordingly. We will not have big posts—mullions, do you call them?—in the middle of them, as there are in these. When I try to look down the street to see if you are coming home I can scarcely see obliquely to the corner of the lot, and we don't get half as much sunshine as we should if the windows were all in one."

"Why not, if there's the same amount of glass?"

"Because the sun can't shine around a corner; and Jack, why did you set them so near the floor? There's no chance for a seat under them, and they do not give as much light or ventilation as they would if they ran nearly up to the ceiling."

"What is the use of making them long at the top? They are always half covered up with lambrequins or some fanciful contrivance."

"Indeed, they will not be; our windows will be arranged to be wholly uncovered whenever we need the light. Too many windows are not so unmanageable as too many doors, and I should like one room with a whole broadside of glass; but for most rooms the fewer windows the better, provided they are broad and high. I despise a room in which you can't sit down without being in front of a window or walk around without running against a door, that has no large wall spaces for pictures and no room for a piano, a book-case, a cabinet or a large lounge. A small room, especially, that has doors or windows on all sides does not seem like a room intended for permanent occupation, but rather as a sort

of outer court or vestibule belonging to something farther on."

"I suppose the architect will claim the porches, balconies, and things of that sort, as belonging to the exterior, and design them as he pleases; but I think we have a right to insist that they shall add to our comfort. They must be large enough to be used, they must be put where we can use them conveniently, and they must not interfere with the interior arrangements; beyond that we shall accept what the architect sets before us."

"Asking no questions for conscience sake." How about the roof—is that also a matter of evolution?"

"No; because the inside of the roof is of but little consequence. It must keep out the rain and wind, snow and ice; it must be strong and economically built and have a reasonable amount of light. The rest we shall leave to the architect. As Uncle Harry observes, 'the material part of the house rests upon the foundation stones; its spiritual character is displayed chiefly in the roof, which may change to an unlimited extent the expression of the building it covers.'"

"That's so. Let me make the roofs for a people and I care not who builds the houses. The roof on the house is like the hat on the man, as I can show you," said Jack, taking a piece of charcoal from the stove and drawing on the back of the fireboard some astonishing illustrations of his theory.



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JACK'S ROOFS.

"Here is the president of a big corporation who must be dignified whether he has a soul or not. He represents the 'renaissance.' No nonsense about him, no sentiment, no sympathy, no anything but—himself and his own magnificence."

"This fellow is a brakeman—prompt, efficient, laconic. Same head, you see, but different hat. He stands for the hipped roof which has one duty to do and does it."

"Give the dignified president a smashing blow on the head and you see what he may become after an unsuccessful defalcation—an unfortunate tramp, who has seen better days. He is a capital illustration of the roofs

called 'French,' that were so imposing a few years ago, and are about as agreeable in the way of landscape decoration as the tramp himself, but not half so picturesque."

"Pull the string again and we have a benevolent 'broad-brim,' stiff, symmetrical and proper to the last degree, like an Italian villa, and, once more changing the straight lines to crooked ones, the conventional formalist becomes the unconventional, free-and-easy South-westerner, who may stand for Swiss or any other go-as-you-please style."

"It is midnight and the fire is out; let's adjourn."

E. C. GARDNER.

"COLD!"

THEY say she is cold, but they say what they do not, cannot know,
The very flowers that hang from the girdle of Spring were growing under the snow.

Is the violet cold that it shrinks from the gaze and the touch of the herd?
Is the song of the thrush, though it is not permitted to fondle the bird?

They often love fondest, love surest, who never betray the emotion:
I could tell you of one whom she loves with a passion as deep as the ocean.

It is true that, in words, she has never confessed to the feeling;
Love chooses a daintier way for its choicest and sweetest revealing.

Never once has he touched her lips with his own, never once caressed her hand—
He might kiss and caress to his heart's content would he only understand!

"Cold! Cold!" Did he know all her heart, as they flippantly say it,
He would leap, with his might, at the falsehood to throttle and stifle and slay it.

Some time he will know what, to-day, he would barter his life to be knowing—
Not, perhaps, till the roses and daisies above her are budding and blowing.

She may die with the weight of her delicate secret upon her:
Then may God charge His angels to crown her with heavenly blessing and honor!

So they who were made to be lovers, alas! they are nothing but friends;
He dare not, she will not—behold, for the want of a word how it ends!

Well, the case is, at least, no marvel, the story is common and old:
Mourn over it, sneer at it, which you will, but you *shall not* say she is cold!

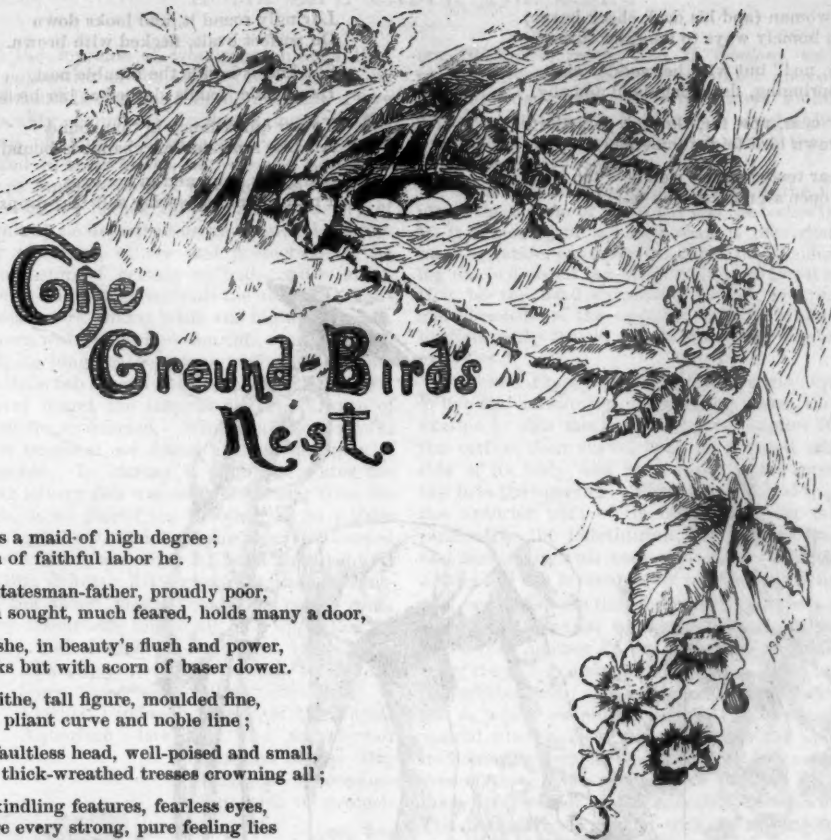
ANSON G. CHESTER.

THE FIRE UNQUENCHABLE.

Low and dim on the Persian mountains burn
The Parsee fires. On Cuzco's height the sheen
Of gold no longer greets with ray more keen
The morning sun. On Druid altars durn,
The trembling peasant can no more discern
The flame. Not in the infernal circles seen
By Virgil and the weird-eyed Florentine.

Not in Etna's or Stromboli's smoking urn;
Not in the blaze of amethyst and gold
That kindles oft the dead day's funeral pyre,
In heaven or hell, nor in that molten sea
Which heaves the world; in stars (for stars grow cold)
Nor suns; in height or depth, doth burn the fire
Unquenchable; but in my heart for thee.

CHARLES R. DWYER



The Ground-Bird's Nest.

SHE is a maid of high degree;
A son of faithful labor he.

Her statesman-father, proudly poor,
Much sought, much feared, holds many a door,

And she, in beauty's flush and power,
Thinks but with scorn of baser dower.

Her lithe, tall figure, moulded fine,
With pliant curve and noble line;

Her faultless head, well-poised and small,
With thick-wreathed tresses crowning all;

Her kindling features, fearless eyes,
Where every strong, pure feeling lies

Each but obey the aspiring soul
Whose gracious charm surrounds the whole.

He walks with step untrained but free
The land that knows his ancestry.

O'er far-stretched acres, swelling fair,
He draws, deep-breathed, his native air.

And serves full sturdily his kind,
With brawny strength and willing mind.

There comes a day, when pleasure brings
A gay-fledged crowd to seek his springs,

And spread their rural feast beside
The oaks upon his broad hillside.

Saxon in type, erect and tall,
He stands a man above them all,

And, by the polished, town-made man,
His large free manner adds a span.

The farmer, by the high-bred girl,
To eyes unfriendly seems a churl.

To hers, a-weary of the town,
The world grows broad as he looks down.

Of petty aims impatient grown,
She sees his boundless like her own,

And Nature, 'mid a world so fair,
Knows these her dearest creatures there,

And pours into their willing souls
The tide of urgent life she holds.

Lured by the brook with babbling song,
They stroll the greensward soft along.

The secrets of the wood and field
And all the keen delight they yield

He knows, and with a woodsman's eye
Makes clear each sylvan mystery.

They touch on human themes—"For me,
I do the work I like"—(and she

Lifts questioning eyes) "because I hold
No true man gives his life for gold,

"But takes his share of work for all,
While scarce disturbed, whate'er befall,

"As counting all mankind his kin
Yet most concerned with things within.

"But" (hastily) "to most men life
Means something different,—eager strife,

"Hot contest—to your father even
My creed might seem a dangerous leaven.

"His work is wrought upon mankind—
A higher task ; and I shall find

"Few, surely, never one, maybe,
To share my modest choice with me.

"A woman (and his dark cheek burns)
Such homely ways to laughter turns."

"Ah, no!" but with her sudden sigh,
Up-springing, fluttering, bold and shy,

Now near, now far, through pain alert,
A brown bird feigns some mortal hurt.

"Dear tender heart, we know too well
The open secret that you tell!"

He turns his eyes, so kind, so keen
Probing the little circuit seen,

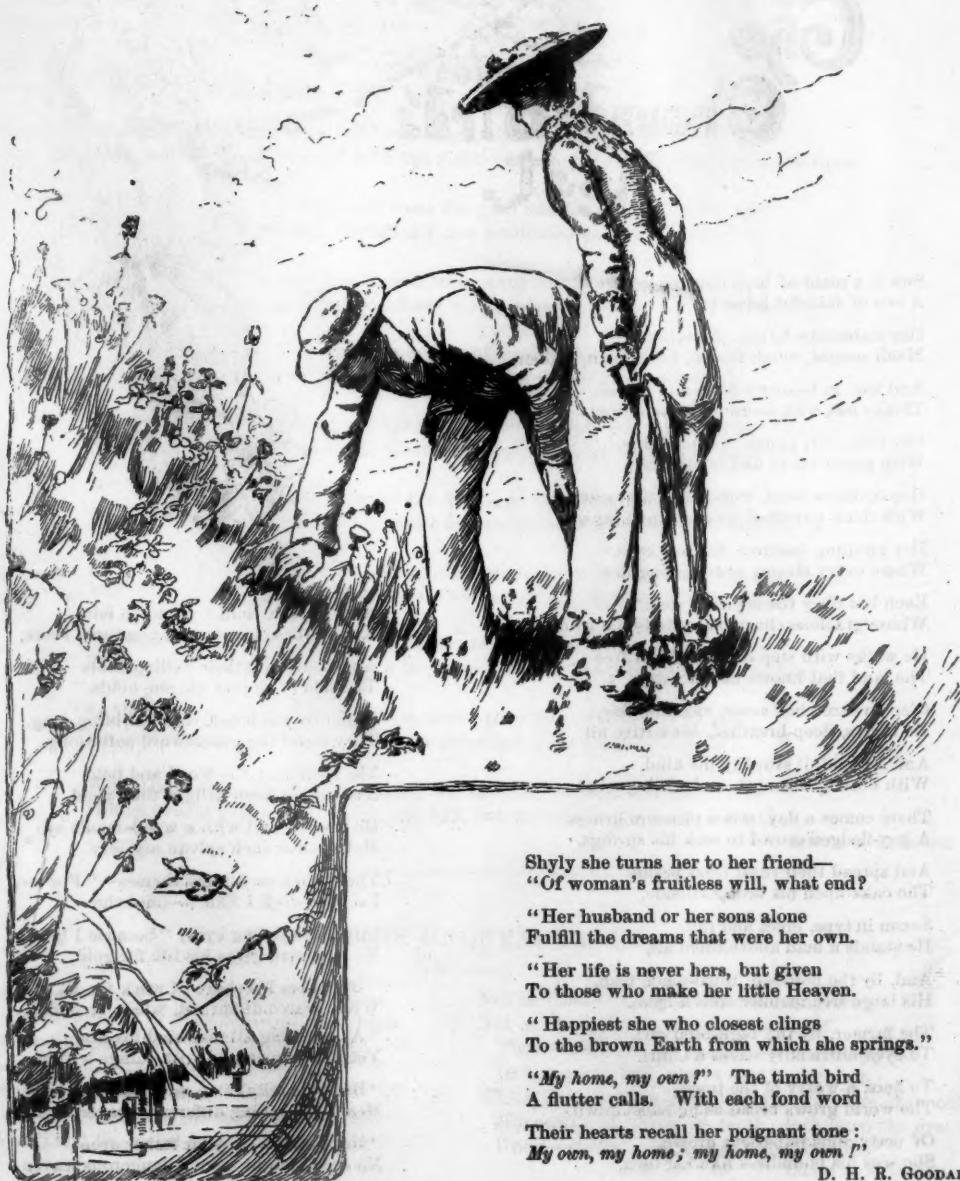
And soon with careful touch he shows
A smooth-lined nest. The green grass grows

Lovingly round it, and looks down
On perfect ovals, flecked with brown.

She kneels beside the humble nest,
Her slender hands clasped at her breast.

To her quick fancy in that round
All Life's mysterious change is bound.

She gazes long, and in her eyes
From their deep spring soft tear-drops rise.



Shyly she turns her to her friend—

"Of woman's fruitless will, what end?

"Her husband or her sons alone
Fulfill the dreams that were her own.

"Her life is never hers, but given
To those who make her little Heaven.

"Happiest she who closest clings
To the brown Earth from which she springs."

"My home, my own?" The timid bird
A flutter calls. With each fond word

Their hearts recall her poignant tone:
My own, my home; my home, my own!"

D. H. R. GOODALE.

HOME LIFE UNDER THE SEA.

AMONG all the myriads of wondrous animals that make up the population of the ocean world it would be exceedingly difficult to find one that did not show a love of home or locality comparable to that evinced by the higher animals of land. This is especially the case with fishes, and in their tastes, actions and habits all of the different families have a distinct individuality. In their selection of homes they evince a variety of tastes that might be described as phenomenal. Some live in other creatures, others find protection in the mere companionship of certain animals, while many more erect nests and homes with all the skill that characterizes similar work among birds and higher animals. In our southern waters the Holothurian, or sea-cucumber, is found, its long leathery body affording a home for a curious little fish known to science as the Fierasfer. We shall never forget the surprise the appearance of this little creature occasioned. Wading along the coral reef upon one occasion, we found a large specimen of the sea-cucumber. In raising it from the water the head of a long silvery fish was seen projecting from its mouth, which, as we placed the holothurian in a glass jar, finally wriggled out, and for a few moments moved aimlessly about the glass, then fell back and died. It was a beautiful, delicate little creature, and so transparent that the blood vessels could be easily seen. Among many specimens found all died upon leaving their protector, and though we kept them in an aquarium they never attempted to return. Since these observations were made in Florida, Professor Emery, of the Naples Aquarium, has kept the fierasfer or donzelina of the Bay of Naples in confinement with its protect-

ors, *Stichopus regalis* and *H. tubulosa*, and obtained results directly opposite from those above recorded. The Florida specimens were always found in shoal water, while those in Naples were sought after in deep. Concerning its passage in and out of the cucumber, Professor Emery says:

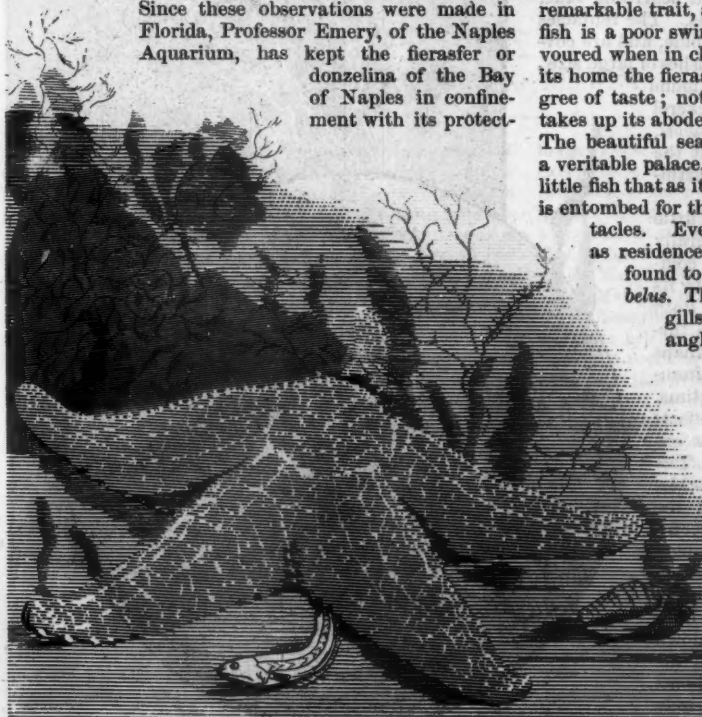
"Swimming with its head downward, the fierasfer explores the bottom of the water and the bodies lying there. If it comes upon a holothurian it immediately shows some agitation, examines the object on all sides, and having reached one of the extremities examines it attentively. If it be the head, extremity the fish returns suddenly and proceeds to the opposite end, by which the holothurian sucks in and expels the water necessary to its existence."

Professor Emery then describes a curious proceeding. When the holothurian is expelling water, the little fish, excited by this mechanical action, applies its snout to the orifice, then curves back its pointed tail over one side of its body, and by a rapid recoil introduces the tail into the opening. This accomplished the fish raises the anterior part of its body while its tail remains pinched in the holothurian, and pushes itself further and further in with each movement of suction. After a time the fish is completely inclosed in its host.

How the fish can thus force itself into the animal, having a dorsal fin that would easily catch, is hard to imagine; yet Professor Emery states that he has found several of the fish in a single holothurian. This is certainly a remarkable trait, and a presumably enforced one, as the fish is a poor swimmer, entirely helpless, and soon devoured when in clear water. As for the appearance of its home the fierasfer does not show any remarkable degree of taste; not as much as the fish *bremnas*, that takes up its abode in the anemone, *Actinia crassicornis*. The beautiful sea flower, with its waving tentacles, is a veritable palace, and offers perfect concealment to the little fish that as it darts into the mouth of the anemone is entombed for the time by the closing and folding tentacles. Even some of the star fishes are used as residences; one—the *Asterias discorda*—being found to contain a little fish of the genus *Oxybelus*. They come from the Indian Ocean. The

gills of the great *Lophius*, or American angler, affords shelter for an eel-like fish that shares pot-luck with the fisherman; while a Brazilian cat-fish of the genus *Platystoma* good-naturedly carries about in its mouth a number of little fishes (*Stegophilus*), that dart in and out at will, perfectly at home and safe from others of their tribe.

Easily confused with these are a number of other fishes in South America that carry their own young in their mouths, using the latter, in fact, as a nursery. Pro-



THE STAR FISH.

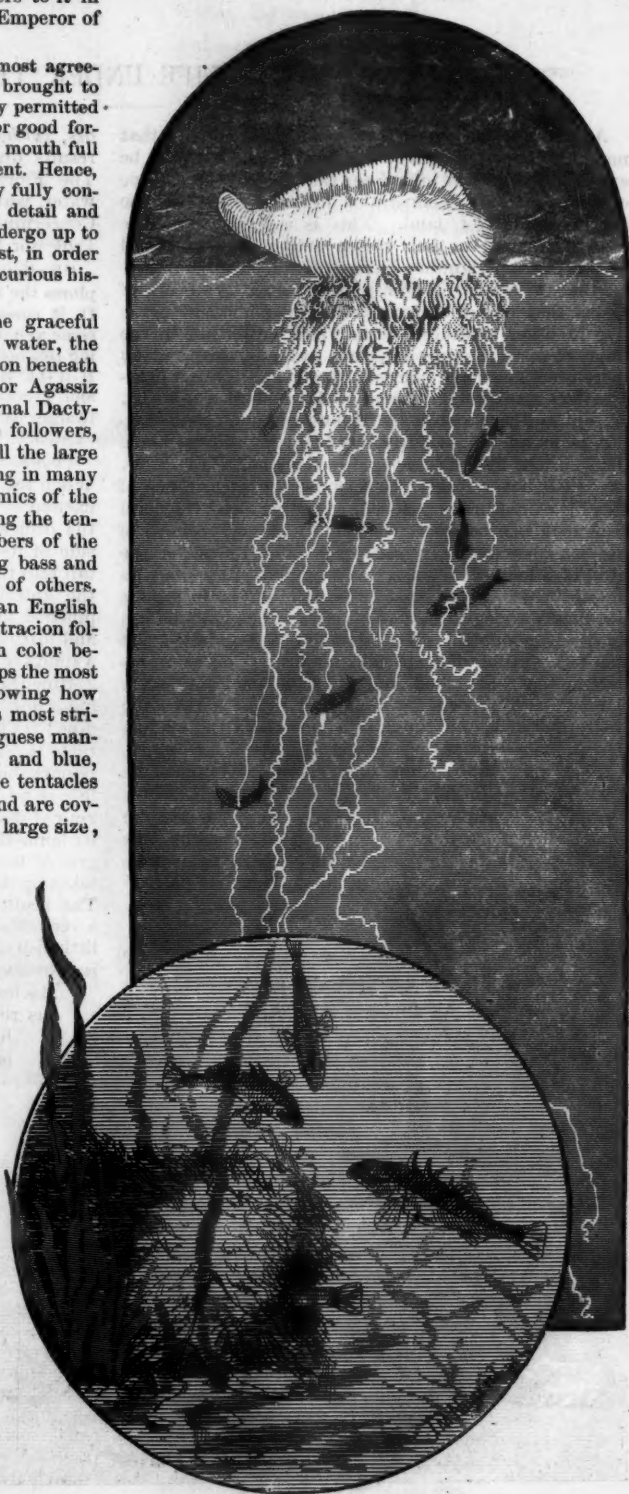
fessor Agassiz made this discovery, and refers to it in the following extract from a letter to the Emperor of Brazil:

"On arriving here this morning I had the most agreeable and unexpected surprise. The first fish brought to me was the Acara, which your Majesty kindly permitted me to dedicate to you, and by an unlooked-for good fortune it was the breeding season, and it had its mouth full of little young ones in the process of development. Hence, then, is the most incredible fact in embryology fully confirmed, and it remains for me only to study, in detail and at leisure, all the changes which the young undergo up to the moment when they leave their singular nest, in order that I may publish a complete account of this curious history."

Who has not observed, in watching the graceful jelly fishes pumping their way through the water, the little train of finny courtiers that find protection beneath their pellucid lobes and tentacles. Professor Agassiz speaks of this as a characteristic of the nocturnal *Dactylometra*; but we have discovered the little followers, generally a species of herring, under nearly all the large jelly fishes of the South; the little fellows being in many cases tipped with silver and pink spots, mimics of the tentacular parts of their protector. Up among the tentacles of the beautiful jelly *Chrysaora*, numbers of the fishes *Caranx* are always found; while young bass and sticklebacks have been found in the train of others. Near the Laccadive Islands the captain of an English vessel saw great numbers of the little fish *Ostracion* following large *Medusæ*. The resemblance in color between these boarders and their hosts is perhaps the most remarkable phase of the companionship, showing how complete is the protection afforded. This is most strikingly shown in the fairy *Physalia*, or Portuguese man-of-war, a mere air bubble tinted with pearl and blue, found floating upon the Southern seas. The tentacles that stream behind are a most vivid blue, and are covered with lasso cells instantly fatal to fishes of large size, yet amid these death-dealing darts are found numbers of little fish, allied to the mackerel family, of the exact color of the tentacles, and so resembling them that without the closest scrutiny they cannot be distinguished from them.

The shark is a roving home to the little pilot fish and remora; the former generally being seen about the head of its huge companion, while the latter, firmly affixed by its sucking disk, is carried about at will. Both of these fishes often accompany large turtles, paying a rent in all cases by perhaps freeing their large companions of the innumerable parasites to which they are victims.

In love for their young, and their efforts to care for them, some fishes are not exceeded by any of the higher animals. The paternal affection shown by the stickleback is familiar to all who frequent the shore. The parent builds a nest of reeds, often displaying much taste in its arrangement. The roof, flooring and sides are disposed with all the care of an expert builder, poor timbers being rejected, and they have been seen with the flooring weighed down with stones to hold it in place, while the roof could be set in position. The home is generally oval, with an opening entirely through it, in the centre of which the eggs of the female are placed, the male assuming



THE STICKLEBACK'S NEST—PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

charge directly, aerating them with its fins, driving the young fish back to the nest when they are yet too young to leave, repelling all invaders, and indeed not hesitating to attack fish of large size, driving them off by the mere impetuosity of its assault.

The common sun-fish of our ponds is a faithful guardian of its young, building an apartment among the growing reeds by pushing them together on each side; and in the centre, perhaps under the beautiful canopy of a water lily, the eggs are laid and watched with great devotion until the young come out and are large enough to look out for themselves.

The cat-fish forms a rude nest among the gravel, and is often observed swimming slowly along, surrounded by a bewhiskered flock of young. The young of the lump-fish also recognize the parent and follow, giving rise to the common name "hen and chickens." The young of the sea-horse recognize the male, and are carried about in its marsupium, or pouch, until they are large enough to leave their home.

The striped dace erect a pretentious home for their young, working in pairs. A spot selected, the sand is carefully cleared away, and it being arranged to suit their fancy the fish swim away, soon returning each with a stone in its mouth. This is kept up and the stones dropped until a flooring has been laid, upon which the first deposit of eggs is placed; upon these another layer of little pebbles is placed, and so on until a cone-shaped pile, perhaps eighteen inches high, is the result, and about and through the crevices of this castle the young dace find abundant protection. The lamprey eel erects a home in a similar manner, only in their case

the mound is larger, sometimes being three feet at the base. The sucker has been observed also building a nest very like this.

In watching young fish from some concealed spot, we are frequently reminded of a company of children at play. Now two or more rush at each other fiercely, stop suddenly, and then dart off in a game of chase "hide and seek." Again we see the young herring darting out of the water, leaping over bits of floating straw, one after the other, in a veritable game of "leap-frog."

One of the most interesting of all the nest-builders is the Antennarias, a little fish that makes its home among the floating weed that makes up the so-called Sargasso Sea. The nest is built of bits of the vine-like alga, bound in and out in a network, until it resembles in size and appearance a base ball. Around it the fish places invisible bands of a gelatinous secretion taken from its body. Within the ball the eggs are found attached to the reed. The Antennarias is a wonderful mimic of its surroundings, resembling in exact color the weed, a rich olive green. From its head and fins hang numbers of curious barbels that wave to and fro in quaint imitation of the ends of the sea weed. The little fish is often seen lying upon the surface of the weed, and this mimicry is a sure protection from the sea-birds that wander over the submerged tract.

From these few instances it will be seen that among the so-called lower animals there exists feeling, emotions, and shall we not say hopes akin to those of man, differing only in degree?

C. F. HOLDER.

ROSE IN BLOOM.

EVERY one asked what Mr. Waterston Watrous married that little fool for. But Mr. Watrous thought he knew best whom he should marry, having experienced his first violent passion at Summersands, after many idle affairs that came to nothing, on the evening when he saw her framed in the half window, leaning her face on her hand and gazing out over the dimly-lit ridges of the sea and the gleam of a single sail, the last reach of the electric lights silvering the curtain behind her and lifting her face into an aura of lustre and color, the beautiful, blushing, dimpled, dark-eyed face, as perfect in its outlines as one cut on a gem; as perfect in its tinting as the rose in bloom, from which the sweet thing had her name; the rose in bloom of the Arabian story, maybe; the rose in bloom of any honeyed and fragrant June garden, just as likely.

What high and innocent fancies dwelt in the soul informing such a face? Of what was the lovely creature dreaming as she gazed that night upon the dim-ridged sea and its dark sail? Lofty and ineffable thoughts he was fain to imagine them, and if any had said it was with the dreamer one of "those high moments when thought is not," he would have scorned the speech and hated the speaker. What to him after that vision was Mabel Murray, the strong-minded young girl who had studied medicine and served her time in the hospitals, whose course had won his admiration, and in whose sparkling sayings and more sparkling glances he had been wont to take perhaps more pleasure than he should? What was the rest in Ellen Van Velt's presence, with her slow ways, her great blue eyes and moony face? What was the beauty of Miss Stein-

berger's costume of peach blossom and old-gold brocades, except to indicate her father's ingots? He forgot that he had been on the point of hesitating over those ingots; that he had thought the calm and sweetness of the Van Velt temperament might be a comfortable thing in one's house; that he had once lain awake of nights haunted by the ripple of Mabel Murray's laughter, by the glistening of her eyes, Mabel Murray, who had seemed to attract him by the best there was in him, and who perhaps had more than one brief note of his somewhat compromising to a man who pretended to be heart-whole! All these things were but the dross left from the refining of gold—pure gold was his sudden and complete love of Rose in Bloom, born in a moment and indestructible for all time.

As for Rose herself, she was merely taken possession of; she never thought of resisting. Mr. Watrous filled her whole horizon from the moment that he entered it, and she adored him with all the adoration possible to her simple little nature. She had thenceforth but one idea and object in life, and that was to make herself lovely in his sight, and but one notion of how to do it, and that was with the most ravishing toilets to be invented—to-night in pale blue gauzes, to-morrow in silks the color of sweet-briar petals; now the white wools of a novice, now in the shadowy robes and dark lace veils that might simulate a nun; again wreathed and garlanded and half-clothed with flowers—toilets that themselves coquetted with possibilities. But her toilets were to him only the setting and surrounding of the picture that night in the half window; she was always the creature of those lofty and ineffable

fancies who walked just above the common earth without quite touching it.

It made no odds to him, either, after he married Rose, that the bills for those toilets were enough to support a small family; they ought to be. It made no odds that she took hold of her housekeeping as if she were playing at dolls, and, when she tired, let the house keep itself; there was no reason why she should keep a house; he procured a housekeeper for her. It made no odds that when he gave her a check-book against a stated sum in bank, she drew out the whole sum with the first check and went on checking out other sums with every leaf in the book till he was notified of a hugely overdrawn account that must be rectified; what should she know of finance? If she had been a banker he would not have married her. It made no odds that she refused to invite Mabel Murray or Miss Steinberger to their house; it was the bit of spirit that made her perfect. Nor did it make any odds to him if she cried out at the dinner table, with a dozen people between them, that he had certainly had enough wine; that she burst into a wild attack of sobbing and had to be assisted from the place when a telegram was brought to him in church and he left hurriedly to attend to it, forgetting to kiss her good-by; that when once delayed in a distant city he took a friend's wife to the opera and she wrote to the lady a denunciation of her conduct; that she had not, in fact, a second particle of intelligence—he did not want it. Perhaps he had enough for both. Just as she was, he would neither add anything to her nor take anything from her, she was Rose in Bloom, he didn't want her to be anybody else. "Do you really think I am a perfect little wife?" she would ask with an anxious contortion on that sweet white brow.

"The best there is," he answered her.

"And the best is good enough for you!" she would exclaim in triumph.

"Would you care very much," she might ask at another time, "if you heard anybody say—Mrs. Van Velt say—that you were a fool for marrying a fool?"

"Mrs. Van Velt is a fool!"

"And there's no fool like an old fool!" she would cry with satisfaction.

If, at the end of a couple of years, her sunshiny sweetness, her tropical tempers, the novelties of her innumerable caprices, were at all wearisome, he did not know it himself; and it was only because Rose was not very well, and more than ordinarily nervous, that she began to imagine such a thing, began to imagine it shortly after he had been appointed on the committee with Mabel Murray—Dr. Murray now—to select books for the use of the Spanish Club during their stay in the mountains where they had made a late party for the sake of the autumn colors. For since Atchison and Topeka had brought Mexico to the door, as one might say, everybody had a rage for Spanish.

"I shall take my Spanish in lace," said Rose.

"The idea," she said, twirling a ripe maple branch she had brought in, a trophy of October, "of a married man's going to write and recite exercises! Why didn't you finish your education before you married? I did."

"But, my dear child!"

"I think you are the dear child," pointing her finger at him as if she had made a discovery. "I'm sure I never should have married a schoolboy, if I had known anything about it. And why in the world should people want to learn more languages than their own—or maybe French, to talk with the diplomatic people at Newport, or Saratoga or Washington? You won't meet them here in these stupid mountains! Oh, how I do hate these mountains! They are just like great crouching beasts."

"But, my darling, this Spanish is a matter of business."

"Yes, I see it is. Business of buying books with Mabel Murray, and her great impudent black eyes!"

"Are they impudent?" And then he kissed her waxen lids as he sat beside her. "Now, my Rose, let me explain!"

"I don't want any explanation!" with a shrug and a pout, and the gleam of a sunshower glance; and then after that air of hers that seemed to her husband like the expression of latent possibilities of infinite wisdom, "Things that need explanation explain themselves," she said.

"But next year it will be most convenient to know the language if we are in Mexico."

"In Mexico! Well, I declare! Of all things! What should we go to Mexico for?" and the voice began to pipe like the wind in a ship's rigging. "Leave our sumptuous house, and all our friends, our supper parties after the opera, my lovely dresses, my shopping, and your club—not your ridiculous Spanish club—I don't care how soon you leave that—and go down into that wilderness!"

"But, my dear love, it isn't a wilderness. It is the region of the first modern civilization of our continent, of an older civilization too, perhaps the oldest on the earth, who knows? Don't you want to see the place of departure of the ancient Conquistadores, to whom we owe so much of our country; pick up, perhaps, a bit of the bronze armor of one of the knights who went out to seek the Seven Silver Cities and never came back; go farther down into Central America where those oldest of old cities are being unearthed!"

"No, I don't want to do anything of the kind. And I don't want you to. I don't care anything about old cities. I like new ones with French shops and smooth pavements. You might as well ask me if I don't want to die and go to heaven when I like here! Mabel Murray likes that sort of thing. You had better take her. I shouldn't be surprised if you did. She will be handy to have on the way, a doctor, a great hateful woman of a doctor! And you'd have married her once if she hadn't been, you know you would! I shouldn't be at all surprised," she cried, getting up and flying in a purposeless way like an angry bird about the room, pausing at last beside the mantel where, as luck would have it, was a sealed envelope directed in her husband's hand to Dr. Mabel Murray. She caught the note in her hands and whirled it toward him. "I demand that this shall stop!" she cried—"shall stop at once, Mr. Waterson Watrous! You have brought me here to insult and outrage me while you carry on an affair with another woman, a shameless woman who would be delighted to see me crushed, a woman you know you used to flirt with furiously and would have married if!"

"If I hadn't married you," her husband said coolly, thinking that enough.

"A woman before whom I will not endure this humiliation," she went on, working herself into more vehemence, her eyes blazing, her cheeks burning like roses in the sun, and her beauty as radiant in her anger as in her joy. "You can't love her and me too. Your heart isn't big enough. I repudiate such love. I!"

"Mr. Watrous," cried his next neighbor, knocking at the door, and opening it hurriedly. "Beg pardon. I thought you were bound for town. The coach is just going out of the yard, and there is no later train to-day, you know." And before Rose knew what had happened, her husband had caught his hat and was dashing down the avenue to overtake the coach, and on his way to town.

She was half paralyzed for the instant with anger, with pain, with amazement, love and grief. She stood in the same spot, speechless, perhaps thoughtless, like some queen of tragedy, for a whole hour, when a tap at the door aroused her, and she took from the boy there a telegram, to tear it open and read the single line, "Good-by. W. W."

Mr. Watrous himself had undergone a variety of emotions during this morning scene with his wife. At the first he had been simply amused, then a little vexed;

ashamed of that, but somewhat perplexed, gradually hurt, and at last violently incensed; and it was at that point that the neighbor's word had obliged him to dash for the train or lose it, and there was money to pay at the bank that day and not a second to waste. By the time he had reached the station his indignation had cooled; by the time the train was moving he began to smile at himself and at his little Rose in Bloom as well. He to be accused in this way who had never given her reason for one iota of jealousy, for whom other women hardly existed as women, to whom, as he had always shown her, she was all in all! And what was her pretty anger, after all, but passionate love for him? Would he have it otherwise? Would he change a hair of her head, he thought, as the train flashed through the rich redness of the autumn lands, one gleam of her way of thinking, one trait of her individuality? And then he remembered that he had forgotten, between his resentment and his consternation at the thought of losing the train, to bid her farewell; and he got off at the first telegraph station to send her the single word "Good-by," at which he thought she would laugh, and all would be right between them. And that done, he gave his mind to the ways and means of his business and hardly thought of the matter again. But he took, for all that, the night train for the mountains all of twelve hours earlier than he had intended.

Poor Rose in Bloom! As the door closed behind the telegraph boy she fell in a little heap on the floor, all the tragedy queen gone. She did not know how long a time passed before she became aware of herself and the world again, like a great pain somewhere outside her; and then she saw the telegram that had fallen from her nerveless hand. "Good-by." Then he had gone. He had gone forever. He had left her. She had driven him away with her temper, with her jealousy. She should never see him again, and she never deserved to. He would go to Mabel Murray, if he had not gone already. He would go to somebody who could learn Spanish and wanted to see old cities, and had read old books, and could say things that would be pleasant to hear when the rose had left the cheek and the light had left the eye. The rose was leaving her cheek now, the light her eye—a person couldn't feel as she did for nearly a year and look like anything but a clay mask. She saw him turn to Mabel Murray the other day when the Professor was talking about certain words betraying certain races. As if words hadn't betrayed her into this trouble! Why was she made such a simpleton that she couldn't be of any use to her own husband, and in order not to sink to her level, in order just to keep his intellect afloat, he must turn to another woman, who could help him, heal him, save him! She hated Mabel Murray, she hated the great strong-minded thing! She crumpled the telegram into a bunch and left it on a sheet of paper on which she had written the words, "Good-by it is, then!" never thinking that if he had left her he was not coming back to read it, put on her hat and mantle and went out, she had no idea where. "Perhaps she is better for him than I," she was sobbing softly to herself now. "But she will never love him half so well as I. And besides I am his wife, his own wife! And all the rest is wickedness," she sobbed. And so she went her way. Soon she was in the wood and going up a hill; now she forded a brook on stepping-stones; now she was on a bare ledge that overlooked the land; now again she was where branches rustled round her. Here she walked and here she waited; she did not know that she was hungry or tired; she had only one sensation, that her husband had left her and she was walking to the end of the world. She did not see the sunset gathering below her, its great purple banks lit up with lurid yellow light; she did not notice the twilight coming without stars. She sank at last without strength to go farther, but also without consciousness of it, and slept with utter weariness.

When Rose awoke it was dark night; she was in a wood; something soft and cold was falling all about her like frozen bits of blowing eider-down. It was snowing. Her heart stood still with horror. In the mountains, and the night, and the snow, and lost! She rose to her knees, shaking off a suffocating dust of snow, got upon her feet, floundered on a little way, fell in a drift, staggered up again and then fell once more in the powdery depths. She remembered the talk at the inn about the swiftness with which the snows heaped themselves. Well, she would try to rise no more; what did she care, and what cared he? Ah! what was life, anyway? She would close her eyes and go out of it, and then the path would be smooth for her husband and that other—The thought of that other woman sent the blood bubbling and tingling through her veins till she was as warm as if wrapped in furs, and she broke out in a wild crying, calling her husband by name, telling him she loved him, she was his little Rose, and begging him not to let her perish. What if the wild boasts of the woods and hills should scent her—some yelping pack of wolves, some fierce tiger-cat! What if she suddenly saw in the moonlight whirl of snow the great head, the fiery eyes, the red jaws of some black bear! Ah, the terror of it! And her husband sitting now in his arm-chair laughing at the drolleries of "Patience," put on the stage for the first time that night! Oh, if he only knew where his wife was! He would come looking for her perhaps when it was too late. Perhaps he would not trouble himself at all. It was his fault she was here now; he had driven her out with his fatal good-by. Ah, she had better let the drift cover her! And having made up her mind to that, she rose and ran forward to escape it. She remembered that she had spoken idly of these terrible mountains; perhaps they would take their revenge now! And so, fallen again in the blinding and stifling snow, she watched and waked and cried and called, the wind rising and whistling about her, only the horrible echoes answering her. "My heart will break!" she cried. "And you will lose your baby! And I never meant to tease you so; it was only because you were so dear to me. Oh, why can't you hear me! why can't you hear me!"

Perhaps she fell asleep again. The snow had covered her thickly when she again found herself observing her situation. She knew that although the semi-darkness of the moon-lit storm was still the same, the night must be nearly spent, she was so faint and tired, so hungry and sick; and a vague new terror began to possess her. She rose slowly, shaking off her flaky coverlid in a great cloud and found her footing once more, tumbled on with a furious sort of haste, up and down and up again, wringing her hands, tossing the snow from her eyes, and at length falling for the last time into the soft, sinking mass with the sensation of falling starry distances and dark-nesses that she had often had in dreams.

And there she lay and stirred no more. Fortunate for her was it that she could not stir; for that last step had sent her gently sliding with the enveloping drift over the edge of the precipice and into the drift that, piled in the wild huckleberry thicket far below, received and upbuoyed her like a cloud upon the edge of nothingness into which another step would take her—the end of the world, indeed, for her. She was motionless, easy, warm, and in a sort of stupor. Nothing was of any consequence. She looked up and saw a strange pointed head, with eyes like flames, protruding into the gray shadows far above, she was dimly conscious of lights moving, voices calling, the reports of rifles rattling far away in the low country: it all meant nothing to her. Wolves, will-o'-the-wisps, the wild women of the hills, were but phantoms dancing before her eyes, and when there came a great ery ringing through the thick air, and lights were flashing in her face, and men were swinging down in ropes over the rock, and her husband was snatching her into his arms and to his aching

heart, she only murmured, looking up into his face, unsmiling and unconscious, "It was all your fault, you know, and good-by it is, then. You will lose your baby, and my heart will break. Oh, why can't you hear me! And if she is better for you than I she will never love you half so well, and besides I am your wife, and I love you, oh, I love you, and all the rest—all the rest—is wickedness, you know." And Rose in Bloom, carried gently down the mountain, on the guides' litter of hemlock boughs, gave no more sign till hours afterward when she opened her eyes, and shut them closely again as she took her bearings.

When at length she found courage and looked up, she understood that it was her husband hanging over her and whispering to her with all tender and adjuring words, and that it was Mabel Murray sitting there and holding her baby on her knee. "I suppose you saved my life," she murmured presently, her dark eyes still resting on Mabel, "after they brought me home. If you will bring my baby here I will kiss you and ask you to forgive me. But, oh, can you ever imagine what my husband married such a little fool as I am for?"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

EDMOND ABOUT.

By American critics About has sometimes been compared to Edgar A. Poe, and in the fantastic nature of their conceptions there is perhaps some resemblance, but the Frenchman has a brightness, a genial delight in his own work that was unknown to Poe, whose work was, even when wildest, painfully realistic. The effort to make the impossible probable is always apparent in the author of the "House of Usher"; but the story of "The Man with the Broken Ear" is the more delightful because the author enjoys it with the reader. It is absurd, he grants, but would it not be charming if it were true? Poe worked for art only; he had no political or social purpose to serve, but wrote his poems and romances for their own sake alone. In this respect there is also a complete dissimilarity between the two writers. About has had many objects in view, and some of his most delicate, as well as strongest, work has had root in fierce Nineteenth Century convictions. It is rather a curious fact in literary history that twice, at least, About prepared the way for an attack on certain national and political questions by works where his close studies of foreign characteristics took the shape of very charming and dramatic novels. They struck in an indirect but not vague manner the key-tone of the after attack, and one of them, "Tolla," was a close and acute study possible only to such an

observer as the author of "La Question Romaine."

Edmond Francois Valentin About was born on St. Valentine's day, 1828, in Dreuze. He entered the Lycée Charlemagne, and carried off the prize in philosophy. He afterwards went to Athens where he entered the French school and made his studies for his delightful novel, "The King of the Mountains," and also for "La Grèce Contemporaine." The Greeks liked neither of these books. They felt the novel was rather an impertinence. It is true that

their banditti were audacious and troublesome, but if they did not complain of them, what had a foreigner to do with the matter? If he explained that he also was the victim of Hadji Stevros, the answer was evident—why then did he come to Greece? Hadji Stevros never molested any one who stayed in Paris. If he robbed a Greek—it was all in the family!

These works, however, did much for About in his own country, and gave him an immediate reputation, and his

way was clear before him. He wrote "Tolla," "Rouge et Noir," "The Marriages of Paris," "The Man with the Broken Ear," "The Nose of the Notary," and other novels, written in his peculiarly vivid, brilliant style, in which burlesque has a meaning. When he published his work on the Roman question in which he made an uncompromising attack, not on religion, but on the papal power, he aroused quick antagonism, but made a strong blow for Italy. On his return to Paris he wrote plays which failed as instantaneously and brilliantly as Lamb's "Mr. H—"; he was connected with newspapers and led an active, busy life. In the midst of it all he has had a charming home in Paris and takes an eager interest not merely in the welfare but also in the characters of his children. He is a man of medium height, rather stout, active and graceful. He is a very good

talker, and tells a story as well as he writes one. He is interested in America, and has said it was time for a better book on the United States than had yet been written by a foreigner, and it was clear from his manner that he would have liked to have been the one to do the work. It is possible that Americans might have resented his observations and deductions as fiercely as the Greeks and Romans did, but it would not be uninteresting, to say the least, to have an About come among us.



DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. GRANT, like other men in whom a quiet demeanor is the result rather of experience than of temperament, was very observant; and he had observed several things during and after the day at Richmond. It may be assumed that he had not planned that expedition without some anticipation that it might have results particularly affecting Philip and Marion; and up to the moment when the party were overtaken, on their way home, by the Marquise Desmoines, he had reason to think that his anticipations had not been deceived. Since that moment, however, a change had taken place. Philip had worn an aspect of gloomy dejection at variance with his customary bearing; and Marion's mood had been exaggerated and unequal; sometimes manifesting an over-accented gayety, at other times relapsing abruptly and without apparent cause into depths of wayward perversity. This state of things continued without much modification for several days; it being further noticeable that the young people avoided private interviews, or at any rate did not have any: for, if Philip desired them, Marion had the means of balking his desire. In the presence of other persons, however, she seemed not averse from holding converse with him, but her speech on such occasions had a mocking and unconciliating ring about it; and Philip's replies were brief and unenterprising. Evidently, the pegs that made their music had been set down awry. There had been some sweet melody for a while. Who was their lingo?

"What a very charming lady is the Marquise Desmoines," remarked Mr. Grant one day to Philip. "I have seldom seen a more lovely face or a more engaging manner."

"Yes," returned the young man, looking away, and drumming on the table with his fingers.

"It was easy to see that you and she were on the best of terms with each other," the old gentleman continued.

Philip folded his arms, and tapped on the floor with his foot.

"She seemed to take a great fancy to Marion," Mr. Grant went on. "They bid fair to become great friends. It would be an excellent thing for Marion, would it not?"

"Upon my word, sir, it's none of my business," exclaimed Philip, rather impatiently. "Miss Lockhart will choose her friends to please herself, I presume. If it were my place to offer her advice in the matter, it might be different. With your permission, I prefer not to discuss the subject."

"As you please, my dear Philip," replied Mr. Grant, composedly taking snuff. For my own part, it appeared to me that the Marquise could give Marion those social advantages and opportunities that she especially needs. This invitation to her *soirée* will probably be the precursor of others. By the by, you will be present, of course?"

"Yes, that is my intention," said Philip, after a pause;

and his tone had something defiant or threatening in it, as if he meant not only to be present, but to do some deed of note when he got there.

The Marquise's party was, as she had intimated, strictly limited as to numbers. It was not her wish to begin her formal entertainments as yet; her bereavement was still too recent, and, moreover, her new house was not in order. She might, possibly, have contrived to get along without giving any party at all, just at present; but she was enough a woman of the world not always to demand logical behavior of herself, any more than to expect it in other people. She wished to feel the atmosphere of the new society into which she was about to enter, and to compare it with that which she had left. It would be novel; it might or it might not be preferable. The Marquise might decide, upon this experiment, not to settle in London after all. Straws may show how the wind blows. She had no one's pleasure or convenience to think of but her own. There was not even the Marquis now, who, if he did not have things his own way, at all events had occasionally afforded her the gratification of having hers in spite of him; and whose demise she perhaps regretted as much on that account as on any other. For the lady was of a strong and valiant disposition, and wanted something more in life than abject assent, and yielding beds of down. She wanted resistance, almost defeat, in order to give zest to victory. She wanted a strong man to fight with. In her heart, she believed she was stronger than any man she was likely to come across; but there were men, no doubt, who might be dangerous and formidable enough to be temporarily interesting. What manner of man in other respects this champion might be, would matter little to the Marquise. Like most women of first-rate ability she was at bottom a democrat: rank was her convenience, but she had no respect for it or belief in it. Had she detected, in a stevedore or Hindoo, stuff that was not to be had elsewhere, she would have received and entertained him. Meanwhile, she was well content to put up with Philip Lancaster. There was stuff in him: there was perhaps something in his past relations with her which rendered their present mutual attitude more piquant; and then, there was that little bud of a romance which the Marquise had surprised on Richmond Hill. Upon the whole she was justified in giving her little party.

Sir Francis Bendibow was the first to arrive, bringing with him Merton Fillmore, whom he introduced as follows: "A man, my dear creature, whom I've long wished to make known to you. Most brilliant fellow in London; my personal friend, as well as the trusted adviser of the House." He added in her ear, "You know—Fillmore, son of old Cadwallader Fillmore . . . uncle the Honorable . . . and Constance, you know . . . married Lord Divorn . . . that's the man! make friends with each other."

"I think," said the Marquise, glancing at the lawyer as she gave him her hand, "that Mr. Fillmore is more accustomed to choose his friends than to be chosen."

This bit of impromptu criticism arrested Fillmore's attention. After a pause he said:

"My friends are my clients, and I don't choose them."
 "I mean, you have not found it wise to be troubled with women. If I were a man I might think as you do, but I should act otherwise. But then I should not be a barrister."

"I am a solicitor."

The Marquise laughed. "Men of real genius distinguish their professions—they are not distinguished by them . . . I comprehend!"

"You would have made a better solicitor than I," said Fillmore, with something like a smile. "Your cross-examination would be very damaging."

"We shall be all the better friends," rejoined the Marquise, good humoredly. "Mr. Fillmore is charming," she added to Sir Francis, who had just returned from a promenade to the other end of the room, where he had been admiring himself in a looking-glass, under cover of smelling a vase of flowers on the mantelpiece.

"Aye, indeed, kindred spirits," said the baronet, nodding and smiling complacently. "But how is this, eh? May we hope to monopolize these privileges all the evening?"

"Here comes a rival," answered the Marquise, as the door opened, and Mr. Thomas Bendibow was ushered in. "I expect Mr. Philip Lancaster also. Do you know him, Mr. Fillmore? How do you do, Tom? What lovely flowers! For me? You are *preux chevalier*; that is more than your papa ever did for me."

"You know I don't think of anything but you—well, I don't, by George! Oh, I say, don't you look ravishing to-night, Perdita!" exclaimed this ingenuous youth. "I say, there ain't any other people coming, are there? I want to have you all to myself to-night."

"Tom, you are not to make love to your sister—before company!"

"Oh, sister be —! I know—you are going to flirt with that Lancaster fellow!"

"You have not told me if you know Mr. Lancaster?" said the Marquise, turning to Merton Fillmore.

"I have read his 'Sunshine of Revolt,'" replied the solicitor.

"Good Gad!" ejaculated Sir Francis, below his breath. He was gazing toward the doorway, in which several persons now appeared—the Lockhart party, in fact—and his ruddy visage became quite pallid.

The Marquise's beautiful eyes lighted up. She had had some secret doubts as to whether Lancaster would come, for she understood not a little of the intricacies of that gentleman's character; but here he was, and she felt that she had scored the first success in the encounter. To get the better of any one, the first condition is to get him within your reach. But Perdita took care that the brightness of her eyes should not shine upon Philip too soon. She turned first upon Mrs. Lockhart and Marion. She had taken the former's measure at first sight, and knew how to make her feel pleased and at ease. Marion was a more complex problem; but Marion did not know the world, and it was simple enough to disappoint her probable anticipation that the Marquise would at once monopolize Philip. The Marquise lost no time in introducing Philip to Mr. Fillmore, on the basis of the latter's having read "The Sunshine of Revolt," and left the two gentlemen to make friends or foes of each other as they might see fit. She then devoted herself to the two ladies, and incidentally to Mr. Grant, whom she had invited simply as a friend of theirs, and in whom she took no particular interest. Mr. Thomas Bendibow, considering himself slighted, strolled off into an adjoining room to indulge his wrongs over a glass of sherry. The baronet, who was almost

manifestly laboring under some unusual embarrassment or emotion, attached himself, after some hesitation, to the Marquise's party, and endeavored to monopolize the conversation of Mr. Grant. That gentleman, however, met his advances with a quiet reticence, which was beyond Sir Francis' skill to overcome. By degrees he found himself constrained to address himself more and more to Mrs. and Miss Lockhart; and Perdita, somewhat to her own surprise, was drawn more and more to look and speak to Mr. Grant. There was something about him—in his old-fashioned but noticeable aspect, in his quiet, observant manner—in the things he said—that arrested the Marquise's attention in spite of herself. Here was a man who had seen and known something: a man—not a suit of clothes, with a series of set grimaces, attitudes and phrases. Manhood had an invincible attraction for this lady, no matter what the guise in which it presented itself to her. At last she and Mr. Grant insensibly settled down to what was practically a *tête-à-tête*.

"You must find it lonely here in England after so many years," she said.

"My exile is a cage of invisibility for me," answered Mr. Grant. "I find few to see and recognize me, but that does not prevent me from seeing and recognizing much that is familiar. I find that England stands where it did, and is none the less homelike for having forgotten me. Indeed, one may say, without being cynical, that the memory of old friends is almost as pleasant, and in some respects more convenient, than their presence would be."

The Marquise laughed. "I think your old friends might call that cynical, if they could hear it."

"You would recognize its truth in your own case," said Mr. Grant, half interrogatively.

She lifted her eyebrows, as if the remark required explanation.

"An old fellow like me sometimes knows more about the origins of the younger generation than they know themselves. I had the honor of your acquaintance when you were learning to say 'Papa,' and wore little pink slippers."

"Ah!" murmured the Marquise, looking at him keenly. "Then —" she paused.

"And your father also," said Mr. Grant, in a low voice.

"Sir Francis Bendibow," said Perdita, after a pause. Mr. Grant met her glance, and said nothing.

"Now I think of it," remarked Perdita, tapping her chin lightly with the handle of her fan, "I am inclined to agree with you. Memories may sometimes be more convenient than presence."

"It is not always the convenient that happens, however," rejoined the old gentleman. "And convenience itself may sometimes, on some accounts, be less desirable than an acceptance of facts. If Sir Francis Bendibow, let us say, had been suspected of a grave indiscretion in early life, and had in consequence disappeared from society, leaving his family behind him—"

"His family would probably, in the course of time, become reconciled to his absence," interrupted Perdita, coloring slightly. "Human relationship is not so rigid and important a matter as romancers and sentimentalists try to make it out, Mr. Grant. As long as my child, or my husband, or my father continues to live within my sight and reach, I acknowledge myself the mother, wife, or daughter, and conduct myself accordingly. But if they vanish from my knowledge and remembrance, I learn to do without them, and they have no further concern with me. If they die, I shall not

weep for them, and if they return, I shall not care for them. If I were more imaginative, or more inclined to feel my emotions to order, it might be otherwise. But it is my nature to feel my own emotions, and not other people's, and to see things as they are, and not as poetry pretends. My father, sir, is not the man who brought me into the world and then abandoned me, but—on the whole," she added, suddenly and completely changing her tone and manner, and speaking smilingly, "I prefer to say that I have no father at all, and want none."

Her speech had been more like that of a frigid and saturnine man, than like the utterance of a beautiful and youthful woman. Mr. Grant had listened to it attentively. He appeared to meditate for a few moments after she had ceased, and then he said, "I too have felt the force of circumstances, and should be the last to underrate it. Ambassadors, you know"—here he smiled a little—"are less deaf to the voice of reason than principals might be. I am entrusted with plenary powers, and may relinquish my side of the discussion definitively. I should regret my mission, were it not that it has obtained me a charming and valuable acquaintance"—here he bowed ceremoniously—"which I trust may continue. If I have annoyed you, be satisfied that I shall never subject you to the same annoyance again—nor to any other, I hope."

"I have made no disguise of my selfishness, you see," said the Marquise, with gayety in her voice, but with a somewhat contradictory expression about her eyes and mouth. After a moment she went on as if impelled, despite a certain reluctance, "But I am unselfish too, as you will find out if you come to know me better. You will find out that I am not a daughter whom any parent with a sense of prudence and self-respect would put out his hand to reclaim." And hereupon the Marquise laughed, while tears sparkled for an instant on her eyelashes.

"What says our fair hostess," called out the voice of Sir Francis Bendibow, from the other side of the table, where he was conversing with the other two ladies, while his eyes and thoughts were elsewhere; "Should a man who loves two women give up both of them, or settle upon one? Come ladies, the Marquise shall be our umpire—eh?"

"It is not a question for an umpire to decide," replied the Marquise. "Let the man put his case before the two women, and leave them to settle it between themselves."

"But we are supposing him to be an ordinary man, not a hero."

"Then he would not find more than one woman to be in love with him."

"And it might turn out," remarked Marion, "that he was deceived in supposing himself capable of being really in love with anybody."

"If he were a hero, I'm sure he would not love more than one," said Mrs. Lockhart, gently.

"Altogether, your problem appears to have been deprived of all its conditions," observed Fillmore, who with Philip Lancaster, had approached during the discussion.

"A man who really loves one woman, finds in her all that is worth loving in all women," Lancaster said.

"A poet's eyes," remarked the Marquise, "create, in the woman he loves, nine-tenths of what he sees there."

"And may blind him, for a time, to nine-tenths more," was the poet's reply; at which every one laughed except Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Grant, but which very few understood.

After this, the company readjusted itself: the Marquise made Philip sit down and talk to her and Marion; and the three gradually got on very good terms with one another. Meanwhile, Sir Francis improved his opportunity to buttonhole Fillmore, and drew him into the next room, where Mr. Thomas Bendibow was sitting, still in the sulks, behind a large pot of azaleas in the embrasure of the window.

"What did I tell you?" he exclaimed, hushing his voice, but with a vehement gesture. "Did you ever see anything like that fellow's assurance? Damn him, he was *tête-à-tête* with her for half an hour. Ten to one he's told her the whole thing."

"What thing?" inquired Fillmore composedly.

"Why, that he's her father, and"—

"Well, since he is her father, I know of no law to prevent him saying so."

"Dammé, no, if that were all: but how do I know what pack of lies he may have been telling her about me?"

"Come, Bendibow, don't be a fool. If I were you, I shouldn't mind what lies he told her about me, so long as I was sure that no truth he might tell would do me any harm. Besides, Mr. Grant, or whatever his name is, does not look to me like a scoundrel or a liar. And the Marquise does not seem to be a lady likely to let herself be imposed upon, or to act imprudently. You have not been open with me about this matter, Sir Francis. You are afraid to act against this man, and you are concealing the reason from me. I don't ask it, and I don't want to know it. But I am not going to undertake anything in the dark. You must manage the affair without my co-operation. You should have known me well enough never to have invited it."

Several expressions—of anger, of dismay, of perplexity—had passed across the baronet's features while Fillmore was speaking; but at the end he laughed good humoredly, and put his hand for a moment on the other's shoulder.

"If I were to live with you, day in and day out," he said, "you'd make either a saint or a devil of me before six weeks were over. You have the most irritating way with you, begad, that ever I came across. But I know you're a good fellow, and I shan't be angry. You might allow me a little natural exasperation at seeing things go topsy-turvy—never mind! I believe you're right about Perdita, too; she's no sentimental fool. Dare say matters will come out all right, after all. There! we'll think more about it. I'll talk it over quietly with Grantley—with Grant, you know—ah! Here we are!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIED IN SPRING.

They love him, then, those upper gods, who had this grace in store;
Earth smiles her sweetest, holding him a moment at the door;
Ah, she may see his like again, but we shall nevermore!
Was it in gentleness to youth—or was it in despair
Of filling out his further stay—that thus she speeds him fair,
And bids us hesitate to ask what follows spring so rare?

WILL O. BATES.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning showed that the promise of the evening had been more than fulfilled. Snow had fallen during the night to a depth almost unprecedented even in that region of deep snows. There had been no wind, and the fleecy coverlet had fallen evenly and softly upon hill and dale alike. It was as though the earth had been blotted out by magic and a white, boundless sea had usurped its place. Fences and walls were hidden from sight. The roofs were laden with the clinging mass. The trees, still bearing half their foliage, bent beneath the spotless burden. Highways there were none. The flocks were buried from sight. The cattle fought their way through the snow with difficulty to the barns. Two feet and more in depth it lay upon the level, soft and heavy as if it felt ashamed of its untimely coming and longed to melt and run down the hills and into the unfrozen rivers, and flee away to the unfreezing sea. The sun shone bright; the dogs barked; the cattle lowed; the cocks crowed incessantly and all nature seemed determined to regard this sudden onslaught of winter as a jest. But for the mass of snow the day would have been a balmy one. At the lowest the thermometer had hardly touched the freezing point, and the sun shone out at once with a warmth that showed his resentment at this unexpected intrusion of Winter.

That day the freemen of the Republic were astir early. To get to the polls at all required an effort. If the slothful and laggard were not urged and transported thither, the ballots would be few.

At an early hour, on every road leading toward the polls was to be seen a company of men engaged in breaking the way thither. A half-dozen pairs of oxen were yoked before a great sled with a score of men and boys in attendance, some riding, some driving, some carrying shovels to dig out the deepest places, and all laughing, jesting, snow-balling each other and enjoying this first surprise which Winter had given them, consti-

tuting the advance guard of this jolly army of patriot rulers on their way to the universal *witenagemote* of the Republic. Following in the wake of this pioneer snow-plow, perhaps coupled to it, would be another sled or two, then horses, sleighs, cutters, and, after all of them, a rabble still on foot following along the track beaten smooth and hard by those in advance. Every house that was passed contributed its quota to the procession. Every one was good natured, as people generally are in cold weather, and this election day promised to be even more of a holiday than the occasion usually is.

Such a cavalcade it was that about nine o'clock that morning stopped before the residence of Harrison Kortright. The house was a tidy white one, standing a few rods back from the road, with green blinds, a bit of porch over the front door, and two dark evergreens flanking upon either side the walk that led down to the gate. It was a dwelling somewhat more pretentious than the most of those in the neighborhood, yet by no means betokening wealth or luxury. Half way between the house and the gate was our little friend Martin, shoveling manfully away at a path, the level snow being almost even with his shoulders, and the piled-up masses which he had flung out on either side reaching above his head. He paused in his work as the procession came into view from around the side of the hill, looked and listened for a moment, and then sturdily resumed his labor while the tears showed themselves under his dark lashes. It was evident the storm had spoiled the holiday of which he had dreamed.

"Halloa, Martin," cried the foremost driver, who, clinging to his ox yoke, half walked and was half dragged through the deep snow. "Halloa, Martin, hain't you got your path dug yet?"

"What's the matter on ye, boy?" said another. "Snowed up so't you didn't know it was day till just now?"

"Hi, you little Barnburner," cried a third; "you'll have to wake up earlier'n this if you are going to make your namesake president. How's 'Matty Van' anyhow?"

"He has got a worse road than that before him," said another.

The crowd stopped before the gate, and still kept on badgering the patient boy.

"Why didn't you let us know you were snowed in?" said one of them. "We would have come over and dug you out long afore this, if you'd told us on't."

"The Barnburners will be snowed in worse than that before night," said another.

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"Oh, you let the Barnburners alone," retorted one evidently inclined to that persuasion. "They will take care of themselves and clean out Whigs and Democrats both, first you know."

"Say, sonny," cried a young man who wished to show his age by displaying his impertinence, "is your name 'Matty Van'?"

"No, my name ain't Matty Van," shouted the boy, setting his teeth close and shaking his shovel at the crowd, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. "And I ain't no Barnburner neither, and you know it, too. You had better jest go 'long and mind your own business, and not stay here makin' a fuss and a noise 'round where folks is sick."

"Sick? Who's sick, my son?" spoke half a dozen with ready sympathy.

"My father is,—that's who," said the boy, beginning to sob. "And that's the reason the path ain't dug out, too. There wasn't nobody else to do the chores, and a boy can't do everything in a minute if he is twelve years old."

"Sick? The Squire sick? Why, I declare, we hadn't heard a word on it, son," said an elderly man who stood on the foremost sled, while the whole crowd was hushed at once into respectful silence.

"Here you fellows, a half dozen on ye," he continued. "Take hold here and help shovel that boy's path. What the dickens you doing, anyhow? Such a lazy unmannerly crowd ain't got together every day. One would think you hadn't got nothin' better on hand than just to stand 'round and holler and worry a boy because he is at work. What's the matter with your daddy, son?"

"I don't know nothin' about it, sir," sobbed the boy, now fairly broken down, as he leaned upon the handle of his shovel and gave vent to his grief. "I don't know nothin' about it. He was jest as well as could be last night when I went to bed, and this morning the first I heard he was just groanin' and takin' on like he was going to die, and I tried to get Ma to let me go after the doctor, but she said the snow was too deep. I'd a had him here before now if she'd just let me gone."

"There ain't a doubt about that, my son," said the elderly man. "Here you, Orrin Coltrane on the horse yonder, can't you go for the doctor for the Squire?"

"Tain't no sort of use to try it, Squire Ritner," said the man addressed. "There ain't no horse in the world can plow his way through that depth of snow. Better just let the oxen go on as fast as they can, and I'll send the doctor back just as soon as we get there."

"Well, it's too bad," exclaimed Ritner. "Squire Kortright's lived right here, man and boy, nigh on to fifty years now, and I don't believe he was ever in bed a day in his life before. If there's any man in the whole valley that is 'always up and 'round and a stirrin', bright and healthy and willin', that man's been the Squire, always. I don't know how on earth we'll get along without him at the 'lection to-day."

By that time, twenty willing hands had dug away the snow and made a broad, clean path from house to gate.

"I guess, boys," said the man who had acted as spokesman, "I guess you had better go now and dig out the paths around the house, to the barn and the well, and the like, and I will step in and see how the Squire's gettin' on. Won't you come in with me?" he said, to some of the older men in the company.

Three or four, who were evidently the men of most

note in the procession, walked up to the house with Squire Ritner at their head, stamping their feet upon the red brick walk that had just been cleared, brushing the snow from their clothes, clearing their throats and seeking to make themselves presentable for the sick room with no little noise and ostentation. As they were about to ascend the steps of the porch Ritner turned and said to those in the road:

"You may as well drive on as quick as you have shoveled out the paths here. Pick up all the men folks as you go along, and we will overtake you after a little, or foot it the rest of the way into town just as it happens. 'Tain't a great way, anyhow, and it's time somebody was gettin' through and lookin' after things there."

Martin, drying his tears with his woolen coat sleeve, sobbing and red-eyed, opened the door for the neighbors, ushered them into the family sitting-room and then went to inform his mother of their arrival.

Mrs. Kortright, a snug, tidy matron, whose hair was just beginning to be flecked with silver, very soon entered and saluted them each by name, evidently much more composed than they had expected to find her.

"Martin said the Squire was sick, Mrs. Kortright."

"Yes," responded the lady in a matter-of-fact tone, "for once he was not able to get up when the clock struck six."

"Nothin' serious, I hope?"

"Well, he's sufferin' a good deal. It's rheumatiz, I guess. He's easier than he was, though. I got him to take some boneset tea and put a bag of baked hops to his back and fixed him up the best I could, because the snow was so deep, Martin couldn't go for the doctor, nohow."

"It's monstrous sudden," said one of the men, "and I don't see how we're goin' to do without the Squire for clerk at the 'lection."

"That's just what I told him this mornin'," said the matron, briskly. "Says I, 'Harrison Kortright, it's mighty queer that the first time anythin' is the matter with you, since you and I was married, twenty odd years ago, should be just the very day of this election; and in my opinion,' says I to Mr. Kortright, 'it's just a judgment on you for bein' so hard-hearted and unreasonable as to be aginst the Abolitionists and in favor of keepin' the poor niggers in slavery year after year, and you free and forehanded, and doin' as you're a mind to 'round here on your own farm, and with your own wife and babies, under your own vine and fig tree,' says I."

"Babies?" said one of the neighbors, quizzically. "I didn't know"—

"Oh, pshaw," said the matron, blushing brightly and putting her arm over the shoulders of the sturdy boy who stood beside her. "Well, Martin is rather big to be called a baby, but you see I was improvin' the occasion, Mr. Sullivan."

"Oh, that won't do, Miss Kortright," said the leader. "You shouldn't be takin' advantage of a man when he's down that way. Besides that, we can't allow you to make a Barnburner of the Squire, if he has got the rheumatism. You know he is just about the mainstay of the Whig party here in Skendore Township, and so many of our best men have been a droppin' off and runnin' with the Abolitionists lately, that its just nip and tuck we can muster enough to take care of Shields and his crowd of Democrats. You haven't got the Squire converted, have you?"

Squire Ritner gave a quiet chuckle and winked quizzically toward one of his companions as he spoke.

"Well, I don't know 'bout that, gentlemen," laughed

Mrs. Kortright. "But I can tell you one thing. If last night didn't convert that man, there ain't much hopes of his ever turnin' from the error of his ways, it's my opinion."

"Do you think it would do for us to see him?"

"Oh, certainly, gentleman, certainly. I don't 'spose it's anythin' dangerous, though Bub here's been cryin' about it all the mornin', and he certainly does take on a good deal whenever he moves hand or foot."

The cheerful dame led the way into the sick room of her husband. Hers was one of those enviable natures that never go forward on the path of life to meet trouble. To do all that lay in her power to relieve suffering was instinctive with her, and the very act kept her mind too busy to admit the shadow of apprehension. To such a wife, an attack of rheumatism seizing upon her husband after twenty years of the most provoking robustness, was an opportunity not to be neglected. Pain without serious danger of a fatal result, then the popular idea of this disease, was the very perfection of occasion for the display of the qualities of the nurse. This opportunity Mrs. Kortright had fully improved. It is doubtful if in her heart she was not half glad to find, when awakened by her husband's groans at daylight, that the doctor was an impossibility for many hours. At length she had a chance to minister to her husband in his weakness. To her alone he should owe relief—perhaps even restoration. She had fully justified her reputation as a nurse and had brought into play all her housewifely knowledge of herbs and simples to relieve the fierce attack that wrung the strong man's frame. In this she had in a great measure succeeded. The self-constituted committee of condolence found their stalwart neighbor propped up in bed, wrapped in many drapings, with the smell of pungent herbs filling the room. Already, his pain had been greatly modified and the moisture of the hand which he extended in welcome promised quick recovery.

"How do you do, Squire?" said Ritner heartily, shaking his hand. "I tell you we're sorry to see you in this fix. I was just a tellin' Miss Kortright that you was about the last man in the neighborhood that anybody'd have expected to hear of bein' sick."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Kortright half jestingly. "Just a deep cold that I've got, on account of this storm, I guess. I expect to be about before the snow's off."

"I don't know so well about that," said Shields. "It's goin' mighty lively. This hot sun and south wind is just takin' it off almost as fast as it come. Just the teams that went along breaking the road packed it down smooth and made right good sleighing."

"It'll be mighty bad for 'lection though," said another.

"Wal, now, I don't know 'bout that, Mr. Van Wormer," said the sick man, disputatiously, the instinct of the partisan getting the better of his pain. "I don't know about that. I've always noticed that 'tain't the pleasantest days that brings out the biggest vote. If what Shields says 'bout the roads is true, it's my notion we'll get a bigger vote than if it hadn't snowed at all. It's my idea that if a man wanted to get out the very biggest possible vote, and had the makin' of a day to suit himself, and had watched 'lections as long as I have, that he would have a big storm in the morning and the rest of the day bright and clear."

"Wal now," said Ritner, "I had never thought on 't in that light. There's bound to be some folks stay at home on 'count of the storm."

"No doubt," said Kortright, "a few on 'em of course. But then you know, neighbor, the loafers will come out anyhow."

"Of course—and the Democrats. That's the reason Shields got started so early," said Van Wormer, mischievously.

"Oh, well, now," said Shields, shutting his thin lips firmly, "you needn't trouble yourself about Shields. He was raised a Democrat when Democrat meant the people's right, afore Hunkers or Barnburners was ever heard on, and about the first thing he learned from his father was that votin' weren't a privilege so much as it was a duty, and he always has voted, whatever the weather, and he always will, too, as long as he can get to the polls. I guess the Squire 'll bear me out in saying that's what a man ought to do, too."

"Yes," said Kortright, doubtfully, "I believe it is. I've always voted myself, and always expected to as long as I lived, as you say, but I guess I shall have to score a miss this time."

"Oh, no," said Ritner, quickly. "A man that's been clerk of the 'lection board as long as you have ain't a goin' to be sick right handy by the village here, and not have a chance to vote. The poll-holders 'll have to come and bring you the box, so 't you won't lose your vote. We can't afford that, this time, anyhow."

"Wal, now, I don't know," said Shields, banteringly. "We'll have to argue that pint, and see whether the poll-holders have got any right to be carryin' the box around the country for folks to vote in, just here and there and everywhere."

"Oh, you know that's customary," said Ritner, in a conciliatory tone. "Always been done, no matter what set wanted it—here in Skendore, anyhow. Whatever the law may be, that's what we've always agreed to, and there hain't never been no objection. Ain't that so, Squire Kortright?"—appealing to the sick man.

"Well, yes," answered the Squire, smiling. "That's always been the custom here, and it's a good custom, too. I don't know if it's exactly strict law, but it's good sense and good neighborhood, that's certain. However, you needn't mind about doin' it for me, for I'd made up my mind not to vote, if the day had been ever so fair and I'd been as well as I ever was in my life."

"Not vote!" they all ejaculated in surprise. "Why, Squire Kortright!"

"Ah, gentlemen," said Mrs. Kortright with a triumphant smile, "what did I tell you?"

"You don't mean," said Van Wormer in surprise, "that you have turned Barnburner, Squire?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; though I'll tell you what I do mean, gentlemen," said the Squire, suddenly sitting bolt-upright in bed, and speaking in a voice rendered almost tragic by its solemnity and the suggestion of his surroundings. "I do mean that I won't never cast a ballot for any man that holds a slave, nor for any man that thinks another ought to hold one, nor for any man that is willin' the law should let any man be another man's slave, so long as I live. So help me God!"

There was an instant's solemn hush in the sick room, as they listened to the burning words and looked upon the flushed face and upraised hand of the speaker.

A shriek pierced the stillness.

A child's voice.

"Ho!" A sharp, shrill shout. Another!

"Help! Help!"—a man's hoarse, agonized appeal!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

ON a visit which I made to England in 1839, among other introductions, I carried a letter to Carlyle from Mr. Emerson. I was already somewhat familiar with his writings, and as soon as I was well established in London I found my way to Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he was then living. He was not at home, and I left my letter and address. But I had hardly returned to my lodgings when the following note came by post:

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 25th October, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR:—"I am sorry it was my chance to be from home to-day when you called. Till two o'clock, any morning, you will find me here; at two I go out to ride in these days. Or, if you could give us your company for an evening, say to-morrow (Saturday) evening as the nearest, or, failing that, any evening after Tuesday next, you will find us at tea about six o'clock; happy to see you and hear news of friendly New England from you. Hoping that we are not long to be strangers,

"Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE."

I quote now from my diary:

"October 26. Called again at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and was at once taken up to Mr. Carlyle's study or library. He was not there when I entered and I had a little time to look round the room. It was a plain room, with no signs of luxury or wealth—a student's workshop—with plain shelves of books, of which I noticed many were German and French. A closet door stood open, which revealed more books. On the walls were maps of France, America, a part of Germany and a plan of Paris. There was also a profile (full length) and a print of Lord Byron, a small picture of Coleridge, taken, I think, from Frazer's Magazine, an engraving of the old Belisarius begging, and one or two small paintings. The table was covered with papers and materials for writing.

"I had not long to wait. Mr. Carlyle soon came in—a plain man with a low but rather prominent forehead, black or very dark hair, pleasant eyes, and with a certain resolute and determined look as if he would stand no nonsense. He wore a long gray dressing-gown, as it might be called, coming down to his knees or lower.

"His address was as cordial and hearty as could be. 'I am glad to see you at last,' stretching out his hand to take mine and speaking not as if he met a stranger, but rather a long-expected friend. He had a strong Scotch accent and spoke in a simple, plain, upright and downright manner, without affectation or assumption, just as he felt and a good deal in the style of his writings.

"After the natural inquiries about Mr. Emerson and New England and courteous questions concerning my own travels, which had extended to Egypt and Syria, not so accessible then as now, he burst out in a very natural stream of talk on matters of general or personal interest; on the political outlook, the general sensitiveness and restlessness of the public mind. (Lord Melbourne was then Premier). 'The people did not prefer the Tory rule,' he said, 'but they wanted something positive and definite—midnight darkness, if necessary, rather than the foggy, uncertain, linsey-woolsey affairs, as they now are; great mutterings everywhere, probably without actual contest, till there is a better state of things. Some man of genius and honesty and courage will find out a way to do the people good. Generations will pass before the work is completed, but things cannot remain in this uncertain state. The present Ministry, poor fellows, can't stand.'

"Mr. Webster had spent a part of the previous summer in England. 'I met him,' said Carlyle, 'the most remark-

able man in appearance I ever saw—great, shaggy, taciturn—having the gift of silence, yet knowing how to talk—a great thing that, to know when to hold your tongue—evidently of great reserved power. I shouldn't like to fall into his claws when excited.' Mr. Webster's daughter was married to Mr. Appleton during this visit to London. Carlyle alluded to this and went on, 'If his daughter looks like her father she cannot be very handsome. Webster with a cap and bonnet would make a queer-looking lady'—saying this with a hearty burst of laughter at the oddity of the conception, and then added: 'Webster conducted himself altogether as one would wish to have him and commanded universal respect.'

"Lord Brougham evidently was not a favorite. 'Brougham,' he said, 'has an immense power of talking, but he has done nothing, has taught nothing new. When I heard years ago of his wandering and speaking, pouring out such a strange medley in market towns in Scotland and elsewhere, I almost thought he was a case of leather and some mad devil was speaking through him. If he had been killed the other day (Brougham had been thrown from his carriage a few weeks before and reported to be killed) it would have been well for him. Destiny would have done the best for him if she had kicked his brains out, the future seeming so full of contradiction, perverseness and sorrow; an unhappy position, dishonest, out of place except when on a stage like a mountebank and drawing the eyes of others. Man cannot be happy but in himself. Brougham is half crazy, or something like it, poor fellow.'

"Macaulay happened to be mentioned. 'Macaulay,' he said, 'is decidedly a man of genius, and probably in his right position. He has force and character. In his youth he promised more than he has yet done. It is great praise that the superabundance of praise which he has received seems to have had no effect on him. The Whigs cried him up as a Messiah; he was truly great, but no Messiah.'

"'I have withdrawn,' he said afterward, 'from the bustle of the city and must live in myself, in solitude, if I am to do anything.'

"I have recorded here but a small part of his conversation, which went on in a sturdy, honest, unconscious manner, Carlyle frequently breaking out into a loud, hearty laugh when anything ludicrous struck him. He has never been out of the island, he says, except to spend a fortnight in Paris, and grows every day more and more stationary.

"November 1. Afternoon and evening with Carlyle, and a delightful evening. How constantly and richly—not melodiously—he poured out a stream of talk on education, the importance and necessity of it; on the substantiality of the English character, among the highest and the lowest; on the noble principle and unyielding courage with which the Kirk (the Scottish Kirk) fought its way out to victory after two centuries of struggle, so much nobler than the English Church; on Wadsworth, a healthy, vigorous old man in every sense; on Coleridge—'Poor fellow,' he repeatedly said of Coleridge, 'a sad life of sorrow; he was in advance of his age, he was weighed down by pecuniary dependence and too sensitive. He talked, not to be understood, but to utter his thoughts and imaginations. He talked to women and children who could not possibly understand him. Of Lockhart he said, bursting into a resounding laugh when I asked if he believed in anybody, 'that he was indeed something of a cynic, as well as a strong Tory, but a good fellow at bottom, honest and true, with a sincere hatred of humbug.'

"He had given a course of lectures in London, I think,

the year before. He did not write them, but spoke from the fullness of his thoughts, but he said to face an audience was a hard strain upon him—"he was so tormented with a beggarly fear of man." This confession, I remember, gave me vast satisfaction.

"He made the impression upon me of entire sincerity and sturdy honesty; of a seeker for the truth, and with all his hatred of shams as one who respected laws and institutions and dignities.

"His acquaintance was even then widely sought, and one was almost sure to meet at his house men of celebrity or of promise. Of late years he has been spoken of as surly and repulsive, but I am bound to say that I saw nothing of it then, nor anything that would foreshadow it. Nothing could exceed the kindness and friendliness with which he always received me at his house during the win-

ter of 1839-40, or the quickness with which he anticipated my wishes as a young American desiring to make the most of his opportunities in England; and when I left London for Scotland he gave me, unasked, letters which were of great service. Among them, I remember, was one to Mr. Donaldson, then Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 'who,' he said, 'had already conquered the whole world (of learning), and like Alexander, was sighing for new worlds to conquer;' and another to Lord Jeffrey, which insured me the kindest reception in Edinburgh. Whatever happened in later years he had not then assumed those ways which made him seem ungracious to strangers, by which perhaps he sought to defend his privacy from the intrusion of those with whom he had no sympathy and who sought him from curiosity alone."

G. S. BROWN.

MUSIC.

WHAT music sings no words could say,
And all the hidden springs of tears
Start forth into the light of day,
Stirred by the thoughts of other years.
Grief has again its first sharp dread,
And disappointment cuts anew;
Mine eyes behold the loved and dead
And weep again the lost and true.

All the sweet voices heard no more,
All the dear faces that have flown,
All the bright hopes my young life bore,
My heart recalls with every tone.
The smothered sweet of harp and flute
The human thrill of violin,
Make all my soul stand still and mute,
While memories flutter out and in.

ADA C. SWEET.

THE STILL HOUR.

RESPICE FINEM.

Oh, not her gentle, silent forces most
Doth Nature use to purify the world;
But raging hurricanes, in tumult hurled,
And blasting winds and tempests are her boast.
With thundering whirl of ebon wings from coast
To coast they fly, by might resistless whirled,
Then in their central calm betimes are furled
And rest content; for lo! a new-born host,
Of stronger life and fresher bloom, arise.
And thus have all the greatest eras wrought
Those changes that have made our earth so wise.
Weak, doubting heart, receive the lesson taught:
Beyond each storm of grief a blessing lies,
Bealmed within the soul of God's best thought.

JULIA H. THAYER.

EACH sermon is a message spoken by an ambassador of God.

A CLIMAX in life is only a fresh starting-point.—*F. G. Peabody.*

A WICKED civilization is the very highest exhibition of human folly.—*P. A. Chadbourn.*

INSPIRATION is contagious. One man dead in earnest sets a hundred other men on fire.—*P. A. Noble.*

PURE goodness, even on the scale of human estimate, is more likely to pay than any mere self-seeking.

WHAT great risks Christian people are often willing to take in their eagerness to obtain pleasure!—*F. G. Clark.*

MANY of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

GOD makes the earth bloom with roses that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; and he makes it bear thorns that we may look for something better beyond.

ALL the instruments of discipline under our civilization, home, school, workshop, have for their one transcendent object the production of the highest type of manhood.—*E. P. Capen.*

You need not join the church to be a hypocrite; many people

pride themselves on not being hypocrites because they are not in the church, and yet they are all the time the rankest hypocrites.

CARE not for the Babel towers in Shinar that cannot even touch the clouds, when at your own lowly thresholds are waiting chariots of fire to bear you beyond the firmament.—*Charles Wadsworth.*

WHENEVER time prepares a fresh field of conflict, and the hour has come for the battle to join between the old and the new; the stately form of the true hero and leader never fails to stride to the front.—*A. A. E. Taylor.*

NO one can trustfully read his Bible without becoming sure that one of the gladdest surprises in the new life will be found in the return to us of those fond and patient purposes, now in full accomplishment, which we once mourned over as having died without a sign.—*C. S. Robinson.*

WOMAN is not inferior to man, but holds a somewhat different sphere. She should not seek to be his tyrant, or consent to be his slave. Her throne is the heart. Her empire the family with its far-reaching relationship. As daughter, wife, sister, mother, she needs an education as high and broad and varied as man's.—*Dr. Burchard.*

CHRIST's lowly, quiet workers unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning from the presence of God and go to their business or their household work. And all day long as they toil they drop gentle words and scatter seeds of kindness; and to-morrow flowers of God spring up in the dusty streets and along the hard paths of toil where their feet walked.

IF amid the glories of the world in which we live you can read no lesson written by an invisible hand; if amid the whispered melodies of evening zephyrs, or the choral harmonies which fill the great temple of creation, you recognize no message from Him whose omnipotent presence animates the universe—do not boast of it, it is the proof of your dullness of heart.—*J. B. Hawthorne.*

J. L. RUSSELL.

EDITORIAL.

The Liberal Movement in North Carolina.

THE political world will look with interest for the developments of the next few months in North Carolina politics. Ever since the brilliant success of General Mahone in Virginia there have been frequent predictions of a general break-up in the "solid South." Naturally, there have not been wanting indications of dissatisfaction on the part of leading members of the dominant party in those states, but from a general lack of issues beyond those which have long been presented and urged by the Republican party, these prophecies have not been regarded with very serious belief even by the most hopeful. Especially was this claim of anti-Bourbon rebellion made in behalf of North Carolina, and here, indeed, an issue presented itself which seemed to promise success. The township system of that state, established in 1868, was overturned by the Democracy in 1874 and a centralized government of the most glaring absurdity substituted in its place. Up to that time the people of the various townships had elected their own magistrates, who were *ex officio* poll-holders, their school commissioners and other local officers. By the present system, the justices of the peace for the whole state are appointed by the majority in the legislature. These justices are constituted the electors who choose the County Commissioners from their own number. These County Commissioners appoint all the poll-holders, school commissioners and other inferior officers, and also levy all taxes and control all disbursements of the county funds. The result of this system is, that a county may be governed directly against the will of a majority of its citizens, and the citizen who is dissatisfied with his county or township government can secure a change only by overturning the whole state administration. In other words, a county having ten thousand Republican majority can never be under the control of Republican officials unless there is also a Republican majority in the legislature.

This system of outside government has become very unpopular with the people who for six years had been accustomed to a local self-government closely modeled on the New England type. It would have been overthrown long since but for the "Bourbon" outcry against negro supremacy. This feeling against the existing order of things had grown to be very bitter on the part of many of the best men in the Democratic party, and because of the difference in character between the eastern and the western counties offered very great difficulties to the party in power. A liberal party organized upon the basis of opposition to this system alone, would have invited the support of the very best and most progressive element of the Democracy, and have had every prospect of success. Unfortunately, however, this question has been made subordinate to, or at least has been combined with, another.

The Democratic majority in the last legislature passed a temperance law—or rather an act which it was provided should become a law if ratified by a majority of the voters of the state. It was cunningly drawn so as to secure its certain defeat. Despite this fact, however, the temperance people of the state, who must individually considered always constitute the very best element of any party, being men of intelligence and probity, and having the courage of their convictions, gallantly accepted the opportunity and made a splendid fight against free whisky. Thousands of the best men in the Democratic party forgot their hostility to the Republican and the negro, and worked side by side with them in the conflict. The same was true upon the other side of the question; Democrats and Republicans, white and black, fought and

worked together in the utmost harmony for the inestimable privilege of getting drunk together afterwards. The "solid South" was divided. The "Bourbon" stood shoulder to shoulder with the "Radical," on both sides. The Republican State Committee formally declared against prohibition. The Democracy could hardly counter this play with a like move, since the bill was the act of their own majority in the legislature. Under these circumstances, the temperance act was overwhelmingly defeated and the Republicans claimed a victory.

Certain managers of this anti-Prohibition campaign called a convention which recently met and nominated candidates for the state offices to be filled at the Fall election, and also for Congressman-at-large. This convention was composed of about two-thirds anti-Temperance Republicans and one-third anti-Temperance Democrats. The Republican convention has since ratified these nominations and declared itself unequivocally opposed to any prohibitory legislation. By this means it has probably alienated the temperance wing of the Republicans and compelled them at least to remain inactive during the campaign. A considerable proportion of those Democrats who are opposed to the present system of county government are also temperance men, and may be deterred from acting with the Liberals on account of the Prohibition question thus needlessly dragged into the contest. The Democrats will probably marshal their forces along the old "color line," and the contest will undoubtedly be very close. It is more than probable that the Prohibition Republicans and their Democratic allies constitute the balance of power, and their apathy may make the liberal movement a failure. Should the Democratic party be shrewd enough to avoid offending the temperance element, and distinctly promise a reform of the present system of county government, such a result would be almost certain to occur. Whatever the outcome of this movement may be, the substantial reform on which it is based cannot long be delayed. The seed of local self-government has taken a deeper root in North Carolina than in any other Southern state, and sooner or later its fruits must appear. In that state, sooner than any other, the township system will prevail, and the Old North State become a model to her sisters of healthy self-government and normal progressive development. The avowed purpose is one that every thoughtful man can honestly commend, and the cause of honest free government will ultimately be promoted by this contest, whatever may be its immediate result. The Liberals, if successful, will be held to a performance of their promises, while the Democratic party, if it succeed, will be forced to take some steps toward a reformation of the evil which threatens defeat.

The Stowe Anniversary.

THE entertainment that was given to Mrs. Stowe on her seventieth birthday by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was a well-deserved ovation to a writer and philanthropist whose fame is a national heritage. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was remarkable not only as marking an era in our history but also as the beginning of a literary epoch. To teach the truth by illustration both of truth and error is the highest purpose of fiction. To do that with so consummate an art as to make the work outlive its moral purpose and remain as literature the choice heritage of future times, is the crucial test of genius. Thousands upon thousands of the brightest of the ages have attempted this task, while those who have succeeded may be counted upon the fingers. This is

true even where the lessons to be enforced were simply those universally approved and commended attributes of patriotism, courage and other manly virtues. In Mrs. Stowe's case, however, the work was far more difficult. To nearly—perhaps quite—one-half her countrymen and countrywomen, the moral of her story—the conclusion that flowed irresistibly from it—was the rankest falsehood and most pestiferous heresy. The state, the church, commerce and patriotism were all opposing powers. Even now, a very considerable proportion of our people regard the institution of slavery as by no means inconsistent with the highest Christian civilization. Within a short time the writer has received a letter from a gentle Christian lady, in which Mrs. Stowe was referred to in terms of the utmost detestation as the responsible author of war and woe. In the face of all this prejudice, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made itself a household word; was one of the most potent forces in that conflict of opinion which culminated in freedom, and still maintains its hold upon the hearts of a new generation. It is one of the works of eternal freshness. To conceive of children to whom Tom and Eva will not be characters loved and wept over, is to imagine boys and girls who will not read the story of Robinson Crusoe. It is rare indeed that one inspired with an unrecognized truth lives to see its fulfillment even begun. United Italy has just erected a monument to its first prophet, Savonarola, three hundred and eighty-four years after his death. Mrs. Stowe was the Miriam of the Anti-Slavery Crusade, and lived to see the evil at which she directed her efforts swept from the land and the enactments that sanctioned it blotted from the statute book. Her triumph is hardly rivaled in history. Upon her brow the silver coronal of age is hidden by the golden crown of an immortality that fame waited not for death to bestow.

We have had so much trouble directing anxious inquirers who desire the genial author of "The House that Jill Built" to help them out with the innumerable problems that always attend house-building, that we are glad to refer to his card in our advertising columns. We almost wish that we were house-building once more in order that we might avail ourselves of his assistance. It would be "awfully jolly" to build a house with so witty an architect at one's elbow.

MIGMA.

MORE work for astronomers has been made by Dr. Palisa, who has just discovered four new planetoids, thus increasing the number already known to 224.

IN an interesting letter from Rome Professor Baricchi writes that he has discovered a fragment of a genuine shield of Achilles, having not only sculptures but a line or two of the text of Homer.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is to spend some weeks in a North Carolina summer resort, and the fact is taken advantage of by the hotel keeper, who advertises that it is good opportunity for his old Confederate companions to rally around him.

THE publication of *Notes and Queries* and of the *Athenæum*, so long in the hands of the late John Francis of London, has passed now to those of his son, Mr. John C. Francis, an inheritor not only of his father's taste but of his father's ability.

DELAUNY, the famous French actor, has been a member of the Society of the Théâtre Français for thirty-five years. He is but fifty-six, but his eyesight is so weakened that he finds the glare of the foot-lights unendurable, and he will shortly retire from the stage.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S house is more palace than ordinary dwelling, being of marble bearing on the front above the door the inscription "Hall of Ilium." Every alternate Thursday through the winter he entertains here a hundred or more journalists, professors and statesmen, the parlors affording room for over

three hundred. The decorations of the dwelling are all commemorative of Dr. Schliemann's researches, and at the family table classic Greek is the only language spoken.

ONE of the last survivors of the battle of Trafalgar has just died in England at the age of 103; John Mooring, who was captain of the maintop of the Thunderer, and who until within a very few months retained a perfect recollection of every event of the memorable day.

THE silver wedding of the King and Queen of Sweden, was lately celebrated, the king being fifty-three and the queen forty-seven. Among other gifts was a magnificent silver clock presented by the Grand Duke of Baden, whose daughter is the Princess Royal of Sweden.

THE Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. George Otto Trevelyan, has just lost a brother-in-law, Mr. Stratford Dugdale, of Merevale Hall, in Warwickshire. He was of the family of Sir William Dugdale, the famous antiquarian, and died from injuries received while endeavoring to rescue some of his colliers.

THE Princess Dolgorouki asserts that she will never again enter Russia, as in such case the Nihilists would be very likely to seize her son and proclaim him Emperor in opposition to Alexander III. There would be a possibility of success in such a movement, as the family of Dolgorouki is far more ancient than that of Romanoff.

THERE is an enthusiastic vegetarian in England, whose animus against anything of an animal nature is so extreme that she refuses to wear any garment whose production involves the death of an animal. Vegetable boots have been an unattained ideal, but a cobbler in Regent Street has after many efforts covered the enterprising lady's feet with something that looks precisely like leather, and the whole story has lately been told at the Vegetarian Conference at Birmingham, England, by the heroine, Mrs. Anna Kingsford, M.D.

THE Emperor of Russia has signed a decree regulating the liquor traffic of Russia in the most stringent manner. But one liquor shop is to be allowed to a village, and if two or three villages are near together, one shop must serve for all. The keeper of it must be a native of the village, appointed and paid by the Common Council, and must also sell food. He is liable not only to dismissal but to fine and imprisonment if he allows any one to get drunk, and if a village is reported as too much addicted to liquor, its sale is to be forbidden for such time as may seem necessary.

ALEXANDER IRELAND, of the Manchester *Examiner*, tells a story which came to him from a personal witness of the facts given. In a small English village, the blacksmith had got hold of Richardson's "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and it became his custom to read it aloud in the long summer evenings. Seated on his anvil, an attentive audience gathered about him, he went slowly through the book, until the end and the bringing of hero and heroine together to live long and happily, whereupon his hearers set up a shout, and getting the church keys from the sexton set the parish bells ringing a wedding peal.

WHITTINGTON, of famous memory, has a notable successor in Sir John Whittaker Ellis, now Lord Mayor of London. Punctually at nine each morning he is in his place at his desk in the Mansion House, and until ten gives his time to private business. For some hours from ten on, he is busy with an extraordinary medley of affairs. Later in the day, he puts on civic robes and with sword and mace bearers and an escort of police, goes about in his state chariot. Evenings are given to receptions and banquets at the Mansion House, or the hall of some city guild, and no mayor has ever labored more steadily to fill the incessant demands of his position.

A GREAT sensation is agitating the colony of Melbourne. The bishop was some time ago asked to write a special form of prayer for rain, a severe drouth having been experienced through his whole diocese. He refused point blank, to the consternation of his people, giving as a reason that changes in the weather were the result of natural laws, and that prayer was intended to secure spiritual not material good. If people, he said, would set to work to utilize the water now running to waste into the sea it would be more sensible than praying to be delivered from the results of their own neglect. As the bishop is the author of a national system of irrigation, rejected by Melbourne officials, his manifesto is regarded as having a personal bearing, but personal or impersonal the sensation remains.

BOOK NOTES.

A MONOGRAPH from Dr. George Beard, entitled "The Study of Trance, Muscle Reading and Allied Nervous Phenomena in Europe and America," is worthy of attention as the summing up of certain conclusions from one of our most distinguished neurologists, whose experiments last winter in New York were followed with interest by all psychological students in the country. A vein of antagonism and self-assertion somewhat vitiates its value, Dr. Beard resenting certain adverse criticisms more sharply than is necessary, his acknowledged position putting him quite beyond the need of such justification. Aside from this unfortunate flavor the monograph will repay fully the time spent in its examination.

"MODERN HOUSE PAINTING," by E. K. Rossiter and F. A. Wright, architects, just issued by W. T. Comstock, New York (price \$5.00), is an oblong quarto volume containing twenty colored plates, exhibiting the use of color in exterior and interior house painting. Though a wonderful improvement has lately taken place, our methods are still open to criticism, and the house owner is often at sea as to what colors are harmonious either with each other or with their surroundings. For every timid and uncertain soul here is relief, and the book is of great value to every one who would either paint or build, the opening chapter on color and modes of mixing being not the least desirable portion of the work.

From the same publisher comes another oblong volume on "Interiors and Interior Details," by William B. Tuthill, architect (price \$7.50), and containing fifty-two large quarto plates. Builders and carpenters will find here a mine of suggestion and information, and as the drawings represent the best work of many prominent architects, any one planning a house cannot do better than to buy or borrow the volume and select such of the numberless fittings and finishings as best meet his needs. It is miraculous that so many ugly houses are in existence when there are so many helps toward pretty ones, but the present book is one of the most effectual ever offered.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK IN TWO EPOCHS, by Blanchard Jerrold, 2 vol., 8vo. pps. 284, 280. Scribner & Welford. This life is as whimsically made up as that of the man whose doings and sayings it records. One of Cruikshank's strongest characteristics was exaggeration both of thought and action, and though this trait is almost necessarily a part of the caricaturist's capital, it led him to extraordinary extremes in opinion and conduct, all of which are recorded in full by the biographer. But Mr. Jerrold has not troubled himself by drawing original conclusions or making close analyses. Scissors and paste pot have been his chief allies, and his material has been taken from books and newspapers, the most valuable part of the biography being in the first appendix, which gives a list of the works executed by Cruikshank. In spite, however, of the very scrappy and sketchy manner in which the material has been put together, the book is one of exceeding interest, the artist's unique personality coloring and giving life to the whole. His youth was an unending scrape, "boisterous and bibulous," yet full of hard work and of an eager interest in work and every form of life. His manhood was as active and intense a protest against the follies of his youth, and also the follies of other people. From being up to middle life a somewhat heavy drinker he became a fierce and uncompromising advocate of total abstinence, and some of the most amusing stories in the volume are of wild tilts against English habits in this respect. He constantly overestimated the effect of his work, as well as his real share in any enterprise in which he was interested, and absurd as his claims often were, the faith had power to urge him on and keep him vigorous and alert when long past three score and ten. His life began in poverty, came at middle age to both prosperity and distinction, and ended at last in a return to poverty, struggle and an almost heart-breaking sense of injustice and unappreciation from the world for which he had labored. But it was a brave and cheery life, full of sacrifice for others, and its bickerings and pettinesses can well be forgotten. Till some more judicious hand sifts the mass of detail and gives a clearer picture of the real man Mr. Jerrold's work will have value as the only full record of a life too faithful an index of a time already past to be neglected or ignored.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: A Medley in Prose and Verse, by Richard Henry Stoddard. 12mo. George W. Llanlan

& Co. The title of Mr. Stoddard's book is on the whole an injustice to it, for there is very much more than the chance collection of verses, tributes and miscellaneous matter implied in a "medley." Mr. Underwood's graceful sketch would at first glance seem all that was necessary to meet the wave of natural and excited interest aroused by the poet's death. But Mr. Stoddard gives not only biography but many details hitherto unknown; a large number of early poems suppressed by the author in the various collections of his works, some important contributions to periodicals and some letters from Longfellow to the author which have never been published. The book is a critical estimate of the poet's place in American letters, and one which will deserve attention in any life of him which may ultimately be prepared.

HUMAN LIFE IN SHAKESPEARE, by Henry Giles. Lee & Shepard. No reprint could be more welcome than that of the essays making up this little volume, which for some inexplicable reason never met with the success it deserved. We have had many volumes of criticisms upon Shakespeare, but few which give us much knowledge of his mind or method, and it is marvelous that one so filled with keenest spiritual insight should for years have been forgotten or neglected. A patient and unwearied student, one may be absolutely certain of the author's accuracy in matters of fact, while his knowledge has been so tested and sifted that only the fine wheat remains. In its present form the book is far more attractive than in the earlier edition, and the appreciative preface from John Boyle O'Reilly has not a word too much of praise and sympathetic admiration.

"THE STARS AND THE EARTH," Lee & Shepard, Boston, hardly requires the "Recommendatory Letter" from Rev. Dr. Hill, the words "Fifth American edition" being sufficient proof of the popularity of the still anonymous waif. It is an argument for the union of science and religion, and so high and noble a word that the most material of materialists may at least pause to listen.

THERE seems no very good reason why the sketches included in Mark Twain's latest volume, "The Stolen White Elephant," (J. B. Osgood & Co.) should not have been allowed to remain in the pages of the periodicals in which they first appeared. Singly they are tolerably amusing: collectively they become inexpressibly dreary, but the author is in either case tolerably certain of an audience. The book is the first ever published by ordinary methods, his previous ones having been only obtainable by subscription.

If the preface were taken as exponent of the little volume "The Life of a Love," by N. M. Sedarté, the only comment required would be "stuff." The verse is less objectionable and there are now and then good lines, but the author is of the impressionist school, and there is small justification for the book's existence.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE Leopold Shakespeare is to be issued in a people's edition, and will appear in London in ten sixpenny monthly parts.

"HELEN OF TROY" is the title of the poem on which Mr. Andrew Lang is now at work, a doubtful subject for one whose forte thus far has been only artificial ballads.

THERE are to be more diplomatic memoirs, this time from Count Von Beust, who will soon retire from all political life and devote himself to telling his experiences.

PAUL H. HAYNE, the Southern poet, is not only ill but poor, two reasons why the subscription edition of his poems to be published by D. Lothrop & Co. should be warmly received.

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE is the province of the new journal *Outing*, to be published monthly in Albany, by Mr. William B. Howland. The first number is handsomely printed and well made up.

EVERY subscriber to *L'Art* is to receive as a premium an etching by M. Burtin after his painting, "Le Samedi à Villerville." The magazine is now in its eighth year, and improves with each one.

THE history and office of the sonnet are to be treated by Mr. J. Addington Symonds in the introductory essay to his forthcoming

ing volume of sonnets. In spite of the present enthusiasm for sonnets it remains a fact that without beauty it has no "excuse for being."

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, with his usual versatility, has turned from demonology to decoration, and will soon publish a volume of notes on decorative art and architecture in England, under the title "Travels in South Kensington."

AN old chest from a farm house at Ilkley has just been sold at Bradford, in Yorkshire. On its centre panel it bore the inscription, "Jon Longfellow and Mary Rogers was married ye tenth day of April, Anno Dm. 1644." They are supposed to be ancestors of Longfellow the poet.

OUIDA has uttered a complaint, echoed by many authors, that the publication of a novel in serial form destroys all possibility of making it a real work of art, as the author is compelled to make each monthly or weekly installment to end in such a manner as to excite desire for the next.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, who writes so entertainingly on bees and wasps, finds his recreation in scientific labors. His business and official life is absorbing, and it is only by early rising that he finds time for his observation. Sir John is the greatest living authority on prehistoric ethnology.

"IRÈNE," a new novel by Christian Reid, will be issued by D. Appleton & Co. some time during the summer, and the "Home Books" will receive an addition in "The Home Needle." The fifth part of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" will also be issued about the same time.

EMERSON has lately been described by Matthew Arnold as "a man who never lost his sanity." Professor Tyndall holds him in equal honor, and carefully keeps the worn volume of Emerson's essays picked up on a book-stall in his youth, a book that influenced his whole life, and on the fly-leaf of which he wrote, "Purchased by inspiration."

A BIOGRAPHY of Thaddeus Stevens, considered by many the first stalwart, has been written by Mr. E. B. Callender, of the Massachusetts bar, his work covering one of the most exciting times in American political life, that from 1860 to 1868, at which time Charles Sumner said of him: "It is as a defender of human rights that Thaddeus Stevens deserves our homage. Here he is supreme."

A VERY curious history of the boundary disputes of Connecticut has been written by Mr. Clarence Bowen, of the *Independent*, which will soon be published by J. R. Osgood & Co. A heliotype portrait of Governor John Winthrop is given, copied from the original painting, and the book contains seventeen maps, most of them from unpublished ones in the archives of Massachusetts and Connecticut and in the State Paper Office at London. The boundary disputes between the English and Dutch and the unending disputes with New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island are all recorded in brief, and light is thrown upon various dark passages of Colonial history.

THE family of Mr. Longfellow are stated to be deeply annoyed by Mme. Blanche Tucker Roosevelt's book on the poet, which is really not so much a memorial as an advertising card, the contents being one-tenth Longfellow and nine-tenths Roosevelt. The matter is hardly worth serious consideration, but the Boston papers take the opportunity to smile again at the very pronounced failure of "The Masque of Pandora," the title role of which she had proposed creating, and which first brought her into relations with Mr. Longfellow, who, according to his lifelong custom with those who appealed to him for recognition, showed her great kindness and consideration.

THE Rev. Edward Eggleston, whose health failed from overwork a year or two ago, has been since his recovery engaged on an important work, a "History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies," which is to appear in *The Century* profusely illustrated. It is complete in itself, yet forms the introduction to a projected work, "The History of Life in the United States," which is to include not only the founding of the Colonies but their industries, their opinions and their methods and development in every way, social, religious and literary. Professor Moses Coit Tyler has already done most valuable work in the latter field, but there is ample room for a consideration of the other points.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"Jellies Clear and Amber Sweets."

FOR all who are so fortunate as to possess an abundance of fruit on their land a busy time approaches, and the best ways of canning and making jellies and preserves are discussed by interested housekeepers, young and old.

The time-honored recipe for the delicious preserves handed down from the days of our great grandmothers slowly yields its place to the more healthful canned fruit. But I know a certain pantry on the shelves of which always stand some jars of golden-syruped preserves made by the pretty mistress for the sake of the old-time memories connected with them, and partaken of on choice occasions by fortunate guests, who ever after sing the praises of the old régime.

In the first place, let me beg of all housekeepers that they do not spend the fresh, sunny summer mornings in the hot kitchen over the stove superintending the putting up of fruit, that they may be able to say that they have so many dozens of this and that safely away for winter use, just for the sake of saying it. Put up enough fruit to have plenty for family use, a plenty extensive enough to provide one or two kinds for each meal, with a surplus for the extra demands of company, but no more than will prevent falling short before fruit comes in the spring.

It is a good plan to put up two or three cans of each kind of early fruit to be used during the summer. The cans will be emptied and ready to fill again by the time late fruit comes on. Some kinds of very early apples make much better sauce than any later varieties, but will not keep; these may be canned and used during the summer. The canned apples make a sauce equal to fresh ones, and will be very useful in a large family or one where there is much company.

Currants, gooseberries and strawberries are the first to claim attention. To can currants use about one cupful of sugar to four cupfuls of fruit; add one cupful of water and boil until the currants are tender, then can. Currants make a delicious spiced jam, which is an appropriate relish with all kinds of meats, especially when served cold. The currants are stemmed, and to each bowlful of fruit add the same quantity of sugar and enough water to cover the bottom of the preserving kettle; boil two hours, spice to taste with cinnamon, cloves and ginger ten minutes before removing from the fire; one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves and one teaspoonful of ginger to each gallon of fruit measured after cooking are good proportions.

Currants for jelly should be picked from the bushes during dry weather, and before they are too ripe. The following is an excellent recipe: Stew the currants five minutes to soften them, then squeeze out the juice, strain and measure it, put it back on the stove in a porcelain kettle and let it boil briskly for five or seven minutes; add the sugar, one pound for each pint of juice, measured before cooking; stir one minute, then remove from the fire and pour into glasses as quickly as possible, for if made correctly it jellies immediately.

Gooseberries are canned the same as currants. To make them into jelly, boil the berries in a very little water until they are soft, then squeeze them through a jelly bag and strain through two thicknesses of flannel; allow one pound of sugar to each pint of juice, and boil together fifteen or twenty minutes. Gooseberries also make a very good catsup. Twelve pounds of gooseberries, eight pounds of sugar, three pints of weak vinegar and spices to taste; boil together two hours.

The following recipe for canning strawberries is the result of the experiments of several housekeepers who resolved to find a way to can this delicious fruit so that it would retain its fresh berry flavor. They were decidedly successful, and the fruit which graced their tables last winter was very different from the tasteless, watery stuff which had been the results of previous efforts, and which canned strawberries, whether put up at home or bought at the stores, always are: Remove the hulls from fresh strawberries at least four hours before you propose to can them; if convenient it is well to do it the night before; as soon as they are hulled place a layer of berries in a stone jar or dish and sprinkle over them a handful of sugar; add more berries, then more sugar, using as much sugar as would make the berries sweet enough for immediate eating on the table. They must be put in a layer of berries, then the sugar, so that the sugar will be

all through them without stirring. At the end of four hours or in the morning the sugar will have drawn the juice from the berries; put this juice on in a preserving kettle, add one cupful of water to four quarts of juice; when it is boiling hard put in one quart of berries, stir very gently, let them scald two minutes, then lift out gently with a strainer, letting all the juice drain back into the kettle; fill each bottle two-thirds full, proceed the same way, taking only a quart at a time until the berries are all in the bottles, then fill up with the juice and seal hot. If several gallons of berries are put up at once another cupful of water must be added to the juice, half a cupful at a time, to make up what boils away. The bottles of berries should be kept hot by setting them in pans of hot water off of the stove.

To make strawberries into a jam, which is most excellent for tarts, mash the berries with a wooden spoon, let them boil twenty minutes, then add a pound and a half of sugar to each quart of berries, measured before crushing; let them cook slowly for half an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning on the bottom of the kettle; seal up in small jars or bottles.

Cherries are best canned and dried. For canning add to them one-third their weight in sugar; after it has dissolved boil slowly for fifteen minutes, put in bottles or cans and seal hot. By some the taste given by leaving in the pits is thought an improvement. If this flavor is desired the pits should be tied in a thin piece of muslin or netting and boiled with the cherries, but cherries should, for obvious reasons, never be canned without removing the stones. Cherries dried in sugar are delicious for fruit puddings, and are also good in pies or stewed. Stone the cherries, add one-fourth their weight of sugar and boil for five minutes, then spread on plates or platters and dry in a moderate oven.

There can be no need, in ordinary cases at least, of working from dewy morn to dusky eve over fruit. To put up two or three cans every few mornings while one has to be in the kitchen attending to other duties is a very light task, and the result is well-filled shelves.

Glass jars are to be preferred to tin cans for many kinds of fruit, and for a small family pint sizes are better than quart. Stone jars or glass should always be used for jams and preserves. Ordinary tumblers are better for jelly than the jelly glasses, for the lids of the latter are never quite satisfactory. It is a good plan to put jelly which is to be used for cakes, etc., in bowls or wide-mouthed jars. It can be opened, the required amount lifted out with a spoon and sealed up again, and by using the larger vessel some room and handling is saved.

Glasses of jelly and jars of preserves and jam are sealed best by using a paste made by stirring one teaspoonful of flour in two of cold water; when mixed perfectly smooth and free from lumps add more cold water until it is so thin that it runs as freely as water. Cut thin brown paper round and an inch larger than the top of the glass or jar; dip it in the paste until wet thoroughly, then put over the glass or jar, pressing it down tightly; when dry it will be entirely air-tight and the fruit will keep perfectly.

Before the fruit is set away it should be labeled; the name written in ink on white paper and pasted on the side of the glass, jar or can makes the most convenient one. Five drops of glycerine added to each ounce of mucilage or flour paste used for putting the labels on glass or tin will make them adhere and effectually prevent them from curling up and coming off.

MRS. BUSHYAND.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

Veal and Tapioca Soup.

Fried Shad.

Shad Roe Croquettes.

Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Tomato, with Onion.

String Beans in Salad.

Cup Custards.

Lady Cake.

Coffee.

VEAL AND TAPIOCA SOUP.

Three pounds of neck or scrag of veal, the bones well broken and the meat cut small, one turnip, one onion, half a cup of pearl tapioca, two blades of mace, two teaspoonfuls of salt and half an ounce of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of celery essence, three quarts of cold water. Put over the meat in the cold water and soon as it comes to boiling point skim carefully. Then add vegetables, salt and pepper and cook slowly for three hours. In the meantime soak the tapioca the same length of time in one small cup of milk. Strain the soup, skim off every

particle of fat, return to fire and add the tapioca. Stir till melted, simmer half an hour, add the celery essence and serve.

FRIED SHAD.

Only the finest roe shad should be used in frying. After cleaning, washing and wiping, split it and cut each side into four or five pieces. Sprinkle on salt, allowing a large teaspoonful to each one; pepper lightly; roll in flour and fry in lard or sweet dripping, seeing that it is at boiling point before the fish is put in. Fry to a bright brown, which will require not less than ten minutes; drain well and serve hot on a hot platter, garnishing with sliced lemon and parsley.

SHAD ROE CROQUETTES.

Boil the roes ten minutes, cool and rub them to a loose mass. Half as much hot mashed potato as you have roe; half a cup of drawn butter, or one tablespoonful of butter melted in three of boiling water and with a raw egg beaten in; one teaspoonful of chopped parsley; one of salt; one half saltspoonful of cayenne pepper; half a teaspoonful of anchovy paste for flavoring. Work all the materials well together; then, when cool enough to handle, make the mixture into short rolls; dip in beaten egg, then in cracker dust; lay in the frying basket and fry brown in hot lard. Drain on brown paper and pile on a hot dish.

MASHED POTATOES.

As per rule already given.

STEWED TOMATO WITH ONION.

Mince a small onion very fine and fry slightly in a spoonful of butter; add one tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and boil together one minute; then add a quart can of tomatoes; stew half an hour and serve. If liked thick a small cup of bread crumbs may be added fifteen minutes before serving.

STRING BEANS IN SALAD.

String the beans and boil them whole till perfectly tender, which will require an hour for young and two for old beans. Let them get cold and then slice them lengthwise, cutting each bean into four long slices. Two hours before serving mix together one spoonful of oil, three of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper, and pour this *marinade* over the beans, a quart of which will be sufficient for a salad. When ready to use drain off the *marinade* and mix them carefully with a French dressing. This is an excellent salad, and cold string beans left from a previous meal can be used in this way.

CUP CUSTARDS.

One quart of milk, four eggs, one cup of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt. Boil the milk, beat the eggs with the sugar and salt till very light and add the hot milk slowly. Pour into small cups which have been set in a dripping pan, the rule given making eight teacups full. Grate nutmeg over the top of each, pour boiling water into the pan, after it has been set in the oven, and bake slowly, testing after the first twenty minutes with a knife blade. The moment it comes out smooth they are done, but the more slowly they bake the more creamy they will be. Eat very cold. If the milk is fresh they will keep two days easily and be better the second one.

LADY CAKE.

Two cupfuls of powdered sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, half a cup of milk, three cupfuls of pastry flour, in which has been sifted one teaspoonful of baking powder, six whites of eggs, one teaspoonful of essence of almond. Beat the batter to a cream and add the sugar; then the essence and milk. Beat the whites as stiff as possible and stir them in, and last the flour. Bake in a large, shallow pan, about two inches deep, for about half an hour in a moderate oven. If iced, use the white of one egg, one teacupful of powdered sugar and juice of half a lemon. Put the white of egg in a bowl and stir in sugar slowly, adding lemon juice at last. Then beat five minutes and spread on cake. It will cover a small sheet of cake, and is more tender than where egg is beaten beforehand.

"THE IRISH MONTHLY" is giving O'Connell's diary, which extends from his seventeenth to his seventy-first year, and which appears for the first time in print. In the last installment is the following virtuous resolution concerning dueling: "All I have to fear is precipitation in plunging myself in future into quarrels. I know that dueling is a vice; yet there is a certain charm in the independence which it bestows on a man that endears it even to many thinking minds. I have, however, made a resolution not to fight a duel from the time that I become independent of the world."

OUR SOCIETY.

EDITED BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Concerning Balls.

A BALL has been defined by an English writer upon the subject to be an assembly for dancing of not less than seventy-five persons. I think, however, that a ball may be given to a less number of people than seventy-five. It is distinguished from an evening party, where there is dancing, by the fact that dancing is the object of the ball—the especial purpose for which all the preparations are made. Invitations for a large ball are often given from three weeks to a month beforehand. These invitations should be promptly answered, as to have enough guests and not too many is one of the important requisites for a pleasant assembly.

A ball is emphatically the festival of the young. The dancing days of most people are over

“Once they have come to forty year.”

In sending out cards it is safe to invite about a third more than you can comfortably accommodate, since there are sure to be regrets and disappointments, even at the last. Young ladies should not be allowed to go to any public ball, however select its management, without a chaperon; but after their first season a chaperon is not, in America, imperatively required for a ball in a private house; and this is a great boon to mothers, since there is no wearier task than to sit out a long night of dances, after one's own dancing days are ended. We have all cared about them, in the days when Plancus was consul; and, though we have come to October, still May is in the world—still roses will bud and bloom, and birds will nest and sing. It is a real pleasure to give a ball—to see so much beauty and youth and brightness made so innocently happy—yet to give a successful ball is a thing not to be accomplished without much painstaking.

A ball-room is pleasantest when it is on the ground floor and opens into a conservatory—if it is upstairs and opens on a balcony, that should be turned into a temporary bower by the judicious use of evergreens; and the staircase leading to the ball-room should, if broad enough, be well furnished with flowering plants. The floor for dancing must be thoroughly polished, or else covered with drugget. A primary need is the best possible ventilation, since to dance in a close and stifling room is not the mildest kind of martyrdom. The lighting is also a matter for anxious care. Wax candles are, of course, the pleasantest lights; but, if they are used, great pains should be taken to arrange them in such wise that the melting wax cannot drop upon the shoulders of the guests. At any rate, the lights should be numerous, and, at the same time, soft and brilliant.

Good music, too, is of the utmost importance. It may consist of a piano and violin, or of a piano, violin, flute and harp, according to the size of the room. The performers should always be professional, since apart from the selfishness of taxing one's friends to amuse one's guests, few amateurs have been trained in the art of playing dance music with sufficient accuracy to make dancing to it agreeable. The number and order of the dances should be arranged beforehand and the programme printed on double cards, one of which is handed to each guest. To each card should be attached a small pencil. The supper forms a break in the middle of the evening, and supper at a ball should be rather a substantial meal, since dancing is a form of amusement which begets hunger. No one expects to sit down at a ball-room supper, and an excellent plan for serving it is to have it arranged on long, narrow tables, with servants behind them to attend to all comers.

The dressing-rooms should be as large and convenient as possible. There should be assistants provided with thread and needles and pins, and with duplicate tickets, one to attach to each wrap and the other to hand to its owner. Also, there should be, beside the supper-room a small tea-room, where the refreshment of a cup of tea can be procured before entering the ball-room, and this room should be well supplied and well attended to through the evening.

No one who cannot dance should accept an invitation to a ball, unless it be as a chaperon. The brightest man who does not dance is thrown away, and his room would be much more valued than his presence. She who gives a ball should be sure of her own physical strength and mental fortitude. To stand at the entrance of the room for two hours and receive every fresh comer with fresh courtesy is hard on the spinal column, and the

small nerves round the corners of the mouth must be well guarded that they may not betray weariness. The host, if there be one, does not stand with his wife to receive. He is not far away, however, and he makes himself a kind of benevolent guardian of everybody's comfort and happiness. If there are daughters of the house they will interest themselves in seeing that others are provided with partners rather than be in haste to accept invitations to dance; and if there are sons they will be more solicitous to seek out such girls as would be otherwise neglected than to amuse themselves.

Evangelical people would not consider the ball-room a fitting field for the exhibition of the Christian graces, yet there are really few places which afford greater opportunities for their display. The girl who forgets herself in her desire to procure pleasure for others, and the true gentleman who seeks out the neglected and takes an elderly chaperon to supper as willingly, with as careful a courtesy as if she were the brightest rosebud of them all shall not lose their reward.

Opinions are divided as to whether a lady should ever accept an invitation to dance from any one who has not been especially introduced to her. At a public ball all would admit the previous introduction to be indispensable, but in the house of a friend this rule is sometimes less rigidly enforced, on the theory that all present are known to the hostess, and she can be trusted to have invited only such guests as might fitly and agreeably be presented to each other. It is so little trouble to procure an introduction, however, that to do so is certainly the better bred and the more agreeable way. Though a dance is not primarily for the purpose of conversation a good talker is never thrown away at one, and it is refreshing to hear in the pauses of the music something a little more original and more interesting than comments on the weather or the flowers.

It is especially necessary to carry good humor into a ball-room. A man should take great care to avoid stepping upon a lady's dress, or so steering his partner as to jostle any other couple, but if any little *contretemps* of this sort should happen it is the worst possible breeding to manifest the slightest shade of annoyance. No man who cannot dance reasonably well should venture to impose himself upon a partner, but even the most awkward partner should be rewarded with smiling kindness for his effort to be agreeable. A man takes the lady with whom he has just left off dancing to supper, and should therefore be careful to make no conflicting engagement.

It is not good form for a lady to dance more than two or three times with the same partner. Even engaged people should not indulge themselves in a selfish appropriation of each other. They have plenty of other opportunities for bliss, and can afford to practice a little self-denial. After a dance a man should offer to take his partner to the refreshment room, and if she refuses he may leave her with any lady she knows without rudeness; or, if he wishes to prolong his pleasure in her society, he may persuade her to walk about with him until it is time for her next dance.

An engagement to dance once made should be scrupulously remembered and fulfilled. It is only in novels that the heroine throws over partner after partner to dance with the man of her choice. In real life she has for each one who asks her an equal courtesy. But, while it is a positive rudeness to forget an engagement, or to seem to forget it for the sake of dancing with some one else, a man, under such circumstances, should never take offense—he should assume that it is an inadvertence and bear his disappointment with good humor. Nothing is so utterly ill-bred as to show resentment in company. Social mortifications must be borne as secretly and with as much apparent unconcern as the Spartan boy bore the gnawings of the traditional fox.

It is in better taste for a young lady, however much she may be sought, not to dance all the dances, but she should never refuse one partner and accept another for the same dance. The ball-room is not the place for the display of preferences. It is well for a lady not to show herself over eager for amusement and not to stay too late; and at a ball it is quite unnecessary to seek out one's hostess to take leave. To “silently steal away,” like Longfellow's Arabs, is the rule for a ball-room exit.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

“SHOULD a man calling on a lady keep his overcoat on, unless pressed to take it off?”

Certainly, unless it rains and the coat is wet. To take it off at first would imply too long a stay for a mere call. Umbrella

and overbores should be left in the hall, but the hat and stick are brought into the drawing-room.

"What should be the form of address in writing to a young lady with whom one is not very intimate? Does not 'dear' seem a little too affectionate for general use?"

By no means. In writing to a lady, married or single, whom you know but slightly, you would say "Dear Miss —" or "Dear Mrs. —." If quite well acquainted you would say "My dear Miss, or Mrs. —;" while "My dear Friend" would only be justified by a certain degree of intimacy.

"Should 'Addressed' be used on an envelope if sent by messenger?"

No; such a use of the word "Addressed" is obsolete. If sent by a messenger the name and residence of the person to whom it is written are sufficient to put upon the outside, with "For answer" in the lower left-hand corner, if an answer is to be waited for.

"Just how should a table be set for a formal dinner? I refer to the number of spoons, glasses, etc."

At each cover should be placed two large knives, three large forks, an oyster-fork, if oysters are the first course, a fish-knife and fork, a large spoon for soup, and glasses for as many kinds of wine as are to be offered for dinner, as well as a glass for water. The bread is usually laid in the napkin. Extra knives and forks will be supplied afterward, as they may be required, and the knife, fork and spoon for dessert will not appear until they are needed.

CURRENT EVENTS SINCE OUR LAST.

Political.—The Republican Convention met at Raleigh, N. C., to renominate candidates on the Liberal ticket and passed a resolution in favor of the present tariff. —The annual reunion of the Army of the Potomac met at Detroit. —The Tariff Commissioners were confirmed and are now as follows: John L. Hayes, of Massachusetts; H. W. Oliver, Jr., of Pennsylvania; J. A. Ambler, of Ohio; R. P. Porter, of District of Columbia; J. W. H. Underwood, of Georgia; Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana; A. R. Boteler, of West Virginia; W. H. McMahon, of New York. —The River and Harbor bill was passed by the House. —A bill was passed appropriating \$33,000 for continuing scientific service in the Arctic regions and furnishing supplies to parties in Lady Franklin Bay. A Signal Service station in the frozen regions is also proposed.

Domestic.—Mrs. Stowe had a birthday garden party given to her in Boston. —Terrific cyclones occurred at various places in the West with a great loss of life and destruction of property estimated at \$1,000,000. —Details concerning the discovery of DeLong's party were received. Eleven bodies were entombed by the discoverers in a mausoleum bearing a suitable inscription. Search was continued for Lieutenant Chipp's party. —The annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held at Baltimore. —Michael Davitt arrived in New York where he appeared in public several times, afterwards visiting Boston and other places in behalf of his plan for settling the Irish difficulties. —The labor strikes were continued in various parts of the country, and a serious blockade of freight in New York was the most important result of them.

Foreign.—Disturbances continue in Egypt, all foreigners flying the country, even diplomatic officers and entire Missions seeking refuge on ships of war which the countries they represent have sent to the scene of disturbance. Egyptian crops are said to be ruined. —A new Egyptian Cabinet was formed with Arabi Bey as Minister of War, but the British government refuse to recognize it. —Lord Granville has the satisfaction of saying "I told you so," having in April last suggested that England, France and Turkey should each send a general to Egypt to restore discipline in the army. —The Garibaldi family have given Caprera to Italy. —Extraordinary precautions were taken in Ireland in view of an expected general rising against the authorities. —A company comprising Irish noblemen and large land-owners has been formed as a purely commercial speculation, for the purpose of defeating the influence of the Land League, as well as supplementing the work of the Property Defence Association. The evicted lands are to be taken possession of and worked to the best advantage. —According to trustworthy calculations the exports of sugar this year from Demerara will reach 135,000 hogsheds.

Religious.—Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, threatens the Ladies' Land League in his diocese with excommunication. The ladies are defiant. —Canon Farrar preached at Westminster Abbey on the death of Darwin, from the text "And he spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." —Professor Chas. M. Mead resigns the Chair of Hebrew at Andover Theological Seminary. Professor Curtiss, of Chicago, called to the same chair, declines. —The Presbyterian Church North gave the last year to home missions \$411,056; to foreign missions, \$392,289. —Dr. William Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, also author of "Wycliffe and the Huguenots," "Life of Our Lord" and other works, is dead. —Dr. John Hall's Church, Presbyterian (New York city), gave during the last year \$30,000 to city missions, besides \$30,000 each to home and foreign missions, and raised also \$328,597 for congregational purposes. —During the last year the missionaries of the Sunday School Union established 1929 new Sabbath schools. —Rev. Robert Bethel Claxton, D. D., Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, died on the 24th of May. —Rev. Daniel J. Noyes, D. D., Professor of Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy in Harvard College, has resigned on account of ill-health. —The annual meetings at Chautauqua for 1882 begin on July 8, with the "School of Languages" lasting six weeks and "The Teacher's Retreat" lasting three weeks. "The Assembly" proper will begin August 1st and continue to the 21st. The programme is a rich and varied one, and gives promise in its array of names and list of topics of sustaining the high fame of this summer school won by the hard work and splendid perseverance of its chief manager and his coadjutors.

Scientific.—The Electric Exhibition in Vienna, planned to take place in the autumn of 1882, is deferred till 1883. —The statistics of live stock in the United States are more interesting than would be imagined. In the matter of milch cows New York leads enormously, having 1,437,855, while Illinois, which comes next, owns but 865,913. But the balance is speedily adjusted by horses, Illinois having 1,023,082, while New York, next in order, owns but 610,358. Texas leads the van in "other cattle," having 3,387,967, five other States having over a million each. Texas has the largest number of working oxen, and Alabama comes next. —An opportunity seems to be offered naturalists to make some special investigations in the growth of corals. The repairing ships in charge of Eastern cables bring up specimens of every variety, and they have a display now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace of extreme interest, one of them being a short piece of cable completely incrustated with shells, serpulæ and corals. The growth of the latter is amazingly quick, and a few simple observations easily made would give much valuable information. —A circular has been distributed throughout the Empire by the Brazilian Government in which it is announced that Dr. J. B. de Lacerda, of Rio Janeiro, has found an antidote to snake poison in permanganate of potash. Full directions for its use are given, and in a letter to the *London Lancet* Dr. Lacerda gives the numerous experiments by which he demonstrated the truth of the theory. It seems now a well-established fact and useful for all regions where venomous reptiles are found. —At last the cabbage caterpillar has met his deserts. For twelve years it has eaten not only cabbages but every cruciferous garden vegetable, but forsook these in part a year ago to regale himself on mignonette. Now a small metallic-green fly has appeared, which lays its eggs in or upon the skin of the full-grown caterpillar. From these eggs come small maggots, which live on the fatty tissues of the victim, but leave the vital organs untouched until the chrysalis state is reached, when his career ends permanently. —One of the most useful among the minor astronomical journals is *The Sidereal Messenger*, conducted by William W. Payne, director of Carleton College Observatory, which is pronounced to be a thoroughly reliable authority. —The specific gravity of liquid steel has been found to be 8.05 and so greater than that of solid steel, a curious experiment tried by a Russian chemist, Herr Alexjeff, having determined the matter.

Necrology.—Rev. L. S. Weed, pastor of the M. E. Church in Brooklyn, died June 14. —Rev. J. A. Brown, president of the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, died June 19. —David Thomas, "father of the anthracite iron business in the United States," died June 20.



NO QUESTION AS TO PRECEDENCE.

Mrs. Van Rennselaer.—"Now are you sure you have all he needs for the journey? His cup and his pillow; his own saucer for milk, and the biscuit?"

"Oui, madame." And then with a relapse into brogue, and some anxiety: "An' how about the oaby, mum?"

"Oh, her father has her! It is as much as I can do to look after Bijou."

HOW HE WON HER.

As the lonely twilight hour
 Wrapped the world in silent gloom,
 And the sombre, ghostly shadows
 Hovered darkly 'round the room,
 Where a maiden and her lover
 Sat in close communion sweet,
 Listening to their heart beats,
 Wishing time were not so fleet.

"Darling," whispered he so softly:
 She drew closer just to hear,
 "I have loved you long and fondly,
 Won't you be my true wife, dear?
 I'll be good, give up bad habits,
 Give up drinking, smoke no more."
 Still she sat, unmoved and rigid,
 With her eyes cast on the floor.

"I will leave off chewing, darling."
 Unrelenting still she sat.
 "Join the church and live a Christian.
 Now, my dearest, think of that!"
 But she shut her lips together,
 Shook her head and answered not,
 And the sadness was unbroken,
 Save by sighs with sadness fraught.

Desperate now, he wildly uttered:

"I will give a diamond ring
 As a seal to our engagement,
 If your heart to me you'll bring."
 Then she raised her drooping optics,
 Laid her head upon his breast,
 As tremblingly she murmured:
 "Oh, my darling, I am blessed."

And there they sat, and sat until
 The soft, dark arms of night,
 That dusky nurse of our great world,
 Had folded them from sight.
 Pondering, planning, thinking,
 She of the diamond ring,
 And he—of how on earth
 He was going to get the thing.

ROSE GARFIELD CLEMENS.

"My dear Miss —," said an idle fop, "why have you not taken advantage of the leap year to get married?" "Because," was the reply, "I am not yet able to earn enough to support a husband."

—A WOMAN hunted two hours for a needle she dropped on the floor, and couldn't find it, and then her husband came in, and had hardly taken his boots off before he could tell where it was. Queer how men can do things that women can't.